Sidney Hook
The Present Danger

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Shotputting with Leonid

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 13 SEPTEMBER 1980 NO. 9

Eugene V. Rostow: Statutory Raids

Carl Gershman: Sihanouk's Cambodia

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Joseph Shattan: Charming the PLO

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WHO SHALL JUDGE ISRAEL?

by Colin Welch

A NOTE TO OUR READERS

As in years past, the Continuing Crisis appears only once in the three summer months. Next month it will return.

Incidentally, along with editing *The American Spectator,* R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., now writes a nationally syndicated column for King Features. If you are a newspaper editor or publisher and want further information on Tyrrell's column write or call: Dick Fales, National Sales Director, King Features, 235 E. 45th St., New York, N.Y. 10017. (212) 682-5600.

Every day poor Israel seems to forfeit a little bit more of the sympathy of the guilt-ridden West. The process surely began with the spectacular success of her wars.

Jews had long been pitied as underdogs. Their traditional role was to suffer, their traditional reward the innutritious tears of their sympathizers. It seemed like a reversal of nature when the underdog suddenly and repeatedly leapt up and fought back, scattering other dogs, even more under, in all directions.

Hearts which had bled for Jews started to bleed for Palestinians as the victims of Israel's aggression and injustice. A new anti-Semitism, or perhaps the old one in a new and more respectable guise, became socially and intellectually acceptable—though of course Palestinians are Semites too.

Admittedly Israel now had some new friends, of that sort which admired dash, self-reliance, resolution and military prowess. But such people are not typical of those now in power in the West, who are on the whole more likely to be embarrassed by the shameless display of such qualities.

Mr. Begin's bloody past has not won him friends, nor does his tactless intransigence influence people. His apparently sordid chafferings and grabbings have about them a remaining whiff a garlic and the ghetto, especially by contrast with the apparently Parsifal-like openness of Mr. Sadat. Israel's arrogant and intrusive behavior in her new territories reminds some of South Africa. Like South Africa she has not even any oil. Former friends draw away as if someone weren't using Amplex, though it is rats which I think I smell.

In our zeal to redress injustices once inflicted on Jews, we in the West may once have overlooked the legitimate interests of Palestinians. Our blind eye is now turned in the opposite direction. In our zeal to redress Palestinian injustices we may overlook the legitimate interests of Jews. Nor is there anything to be proud of anyway in redressing injustices at other people's expense.

The Arab-Israel matter is often looked at and discussed as though it were a simple matter of restoring stolen property. Israel has stolen this or that from the Palestinians; it is thus her clear duty or even in her interest to give it (or the like) back.

If there is a flaw in this very simple view, an analogy may help to reveal it. Suppose I have stolen a gun from my neighbor. The judge's duty is superficially clear: to punish me and to restore the gun to its owner.

But suppose that the judge is credibly informed that my neighbor has never shown any obvious intention of using the gun for legitimate sporting purposes, but has on the contrary repeatedly threatened and tried to blow me to smithereens with it. Well, then, surely the judge should take a different course?

Another analogy incidentally may reveal not so much another flaw in the simple theft-restitution view as a further complication. Suppose that my neighbor has for years neglected his vast estate, ruining the soil and impoverishing himself and others. Suppose then that by a mixture of fair means and foul I encroach on his estate, restoring and making fruitful all the land which I control and making others prosperous as well as myself. He sues me for its return. The judge may in strict law be forced to return some or all of it to him; but he need not do it with any great enthusiasm.

One of the main purposes of the laws governing property, after all, is to ensure that precious and scarce assets are in private hands preserved, cherished, developed, enhanced, and put to the best use. Wherever property laws actually work against this basic purpose, wherever they favor waste, squandering and ruin, they really cannot be defended with tremendous vigor, if at all.

To return to the first analogy, we in the West have every right to ask the Israelis to give back whatever may be given back without danger to their security or even survival, *but nothing more*. And since what is necessary to Israel's survival and what is not are matters legitimately debatable, we should without rancor expect Israelis to be much more careful about what they give back than we would like them to be.

They know full well that, while the Arabs may with relative impunity lose war after war, the Israelis can afford to lose only one which, lost, would be for them curtains. In such circumstances it may be unwise of Mr. Begin to be provocative, as he is. It is certainly not unwise for him to be cautious or even grasping in his stewardship of whatever Israel has got.

If we were in the Israelis' position, should we not surely behave more or less as they do, a little bit better or a little bit worse, or go under? If so, by what right do we become so censorious? □

Colin Welch is Deputy Editor of London's Daily Telegraph, *where this essay originally appeared.*

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EDITORIAL

WAR GAMES

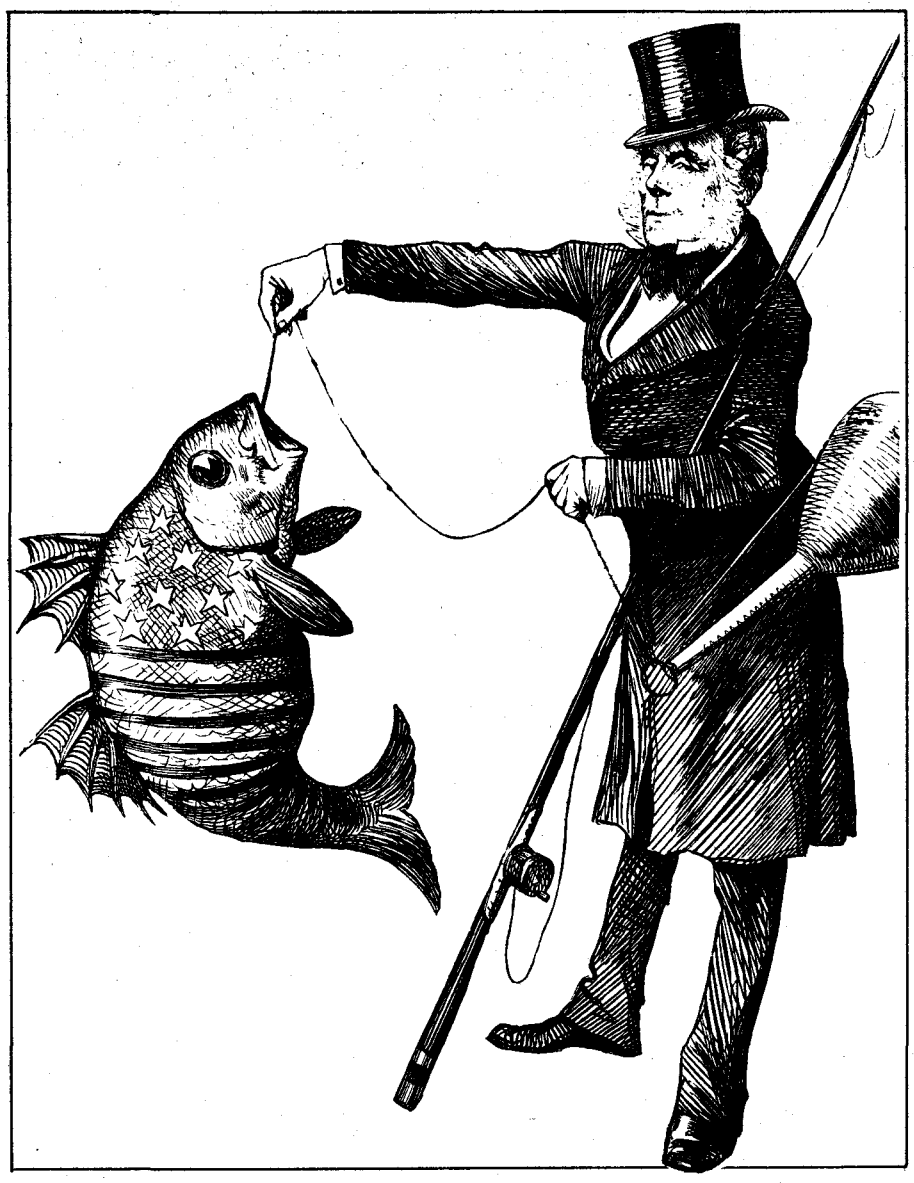
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

As I write, thousands of visitors to the Olympic Games in Moscow —journalists, athletes, and ardent sports fans—are hunkering about, dodging two hundred thousand Soviet security agents. Over this joyous sports festival the American flag does not fly, a deficiency for which Jimmy Carter is in very hot water with Lord Killanin, preeminent potentate of the Comité International Olympique (IOC). Briefly put, his Lordship finds our great President ill-informed on "sporting matters."

In a fuller explication of his complaint this illustrious international sportsman lamented that, when the Carter administration decided to boycott, "They did not understand how sport is organized in the world. They did not understand how national Olympic committees work. They did not understand the workings of the International Olympic Committee. They did not understand the workings of the international federations and national federations." It is an awesome array of charges.

How could our President be so ignorant of the ritual and science of Lord Killanin's IOC? Mr. Carter himself was once district governor of the Lions International (1968-1969), and he hails from an area abundant with Elks, Moose, Rotarians, and societies of less favored repute. What did he think the IOC was anyway?

During the Games' opening ceremonies, as dutiful members of the KGB were smashing cameras and kicking groins, I repaired to my archives, there to steep myself in the lore of the IOC. There was much to learn, and I certainly wish Ham and Jody had called me before upsetting Lord Killanin. I would have referred them to several learned tomes essential for understanding Lord Killanin's arcane world, namely: *The Approved History of the Olympic Games* by William Henry and Patricia Henry Yeomans, *Olympic Cavalcade* by F.A.M. Webster, and *Positive Thinkers* by Donald Meyer.



The IOC is no dilettantes' clique. Oh no! It is an idea, a dream, a movement, a gathering of men wearing blazers who come from all over the world to further certain numinous principles, and, admittedly, to have a few drinks. The founder of the modern games, Baron Pierre de Coubertin (1863-1937), was a scholar and educator who believed that much of the Greeks' Golden Age was owing to their emphasis on sport and sports festivals. As he entered the twentieth century the Baron hoped that by reviving the Olympics the twentieth century would be more peaceful and civilized than the century he was then exiting. I leave it to Lord Killanin and to the exaltés of the IOC to judge the Olympic movement's success in this area.

Since the first games in 1896, the IOC has grown heavy with honors and responsibilities. Its headquarters are in Lausanne, Switzerland, and its members are elected for life after the most vigorous scrutiny. Once elevated to the Comité their first loyalty must be to it, not to nationality, an arrangement somewhat similar to that of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

In the course of carrying out its high purposes, the IOC awards cups and diplomas to local Olympic federations, and it holds the Olympic games. The games are circumscribed by the most grandiose ceremony. No meeting of Shriners or Knights of Pythias can match them.

There is the greeting of the host country's chief of state by the IOC President. There is the entry parade, the official uniforms, the trumpet fanfare, the raising of the Olympic flag, the release of the Olympic pigeons, the artillery salute, the arrival of the sacred flame (a *sine qua non!*), the benediction, and the singing of the glorious Olympic hymn—all are punctiliously prescribed in the sacred manual by the boys back in Lausanne. During this swell pageant every IOC member sways and beams.

The games have been held every four years except during World War I and World War II. Why the hell the IOC would allow a world war to interrupt their schedule is incomprehensible. Surely in 1940 and 1944 the late Adolph would have gladly hosted them. His 1936 facilities were still intact. Yet if the IOC did not want to distract der Führer, why not ask Mussolini? We all know how much he liked parades, hymns, and artillery salutes. For that matter, Papa Brezhnev adores parades. My guess is that he would gladly host the Olympics every year, especially if the ceremonial opening march could include

Adapted from RET's Monday Column in the Washington Post.

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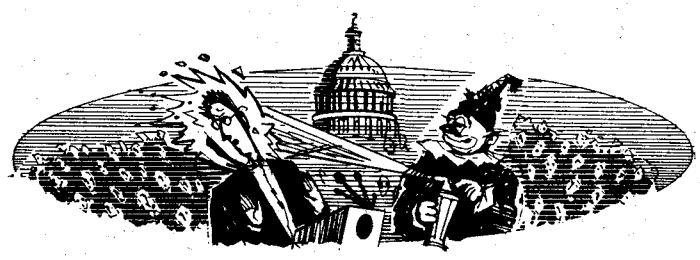
some tanks and short-range ballistic missiles.

At the end of every Olympiad the IOC President in accordance with the IOC ritual asks the youth of the world to reassemble in four years. "May they display cheerfulness and concord," he booms, "so that the Olympic torch may be carried with ever greater eagerness, courage, and honor for the good of humanity throughout the ages." After the games, I hope Lord Killanin will read this glorious statement in every Afghan village, once the poison gas has cleared. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



SCUTTLED MASSES

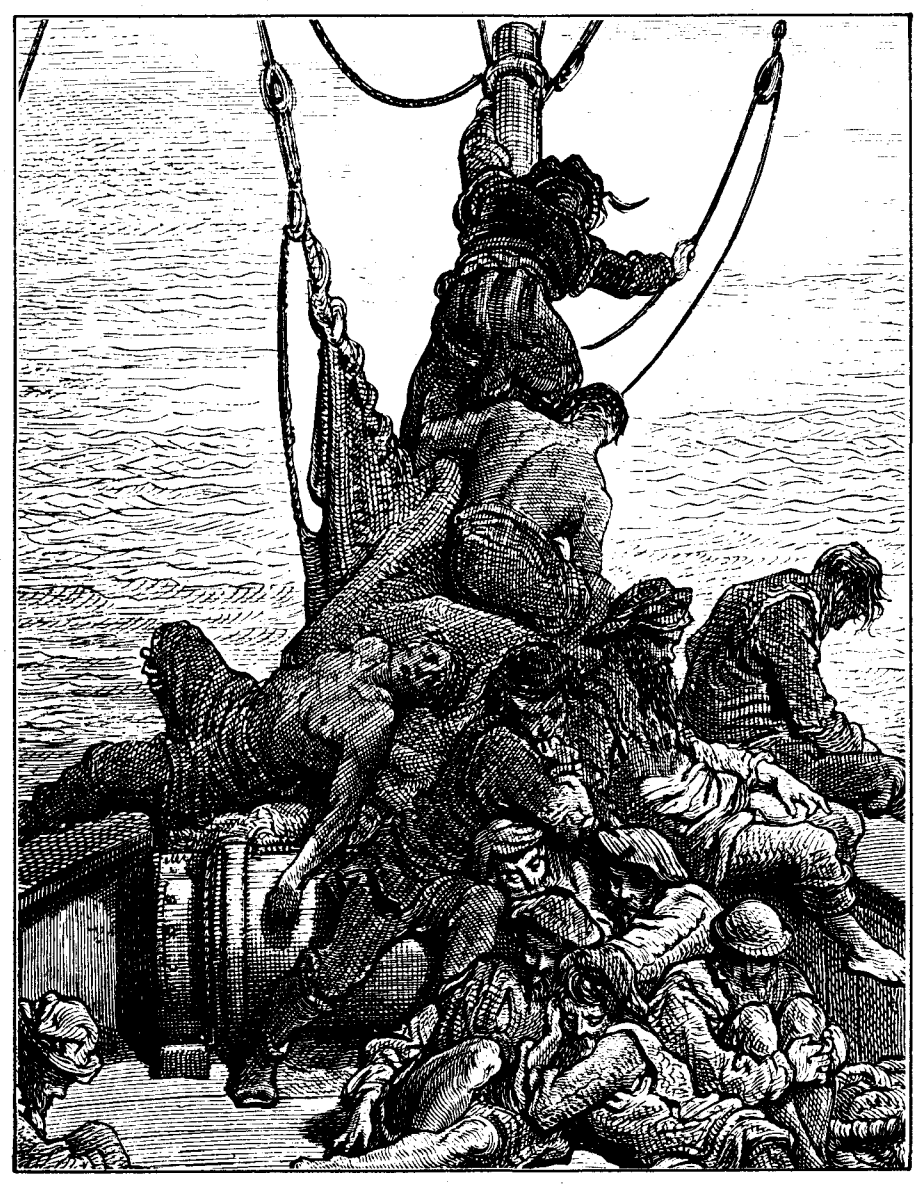
by Tom Bethell

The recent influx of refugees from the police state in Cuba has put the topic of immigration back in the news once again. As usual, poor and long-suffering Americans have been subjected to a barrage of ignorant comment from their nominal leaders. The Reverend Theodore Hesburgh, muscular Christian, perennial activist, and president of Notre Dame, was quoted recently as saying: "When you've got 8 million unemployed, I think it's idiotic to take more people in." Hesburgh is chairman of the President's Select Commission on Immigration and Refugee Policy, in case you were wondering who asked his opinion.

More distressing is a recent article by Senator Walter Huddleston of Kentucky. This was rather insultingly posted right where the refugees could see it—on the op-ed page of the Miami *Herald*. First the huddled masses survive Castro's police state, then they brave the sea in open boats, only to find, nailed to the golden door, some derogatory observations by the senior Senator from Kentucky.

The "massive exodus" from Cuba demonstrates that "the immigration policy of the United States is out of control," Huddleston begins. Not, mind you, that Fidel Castro is out of control, or that the United States thus demonstrates itself to be an attractive place. But that the *fault* somehow lies with us. One suspects here that Senator Huddleston, not having experienced anything else (like so many native-born heartlanders), does not fully appreciate the attractiveness of a political system that allows most voluntary transactions between individuals to take place.

Huddleston forges ahead with the observation that, as a result of our "lack of policy," taxpaying citizens, "through their federal, state, and local governments, will have to shoulder a growing financial burden." How come? Why "have to"? One reads on, curious. "It would be good if we could invite all the repressed of the world to come to the United States and provide them with a decent standard of living. But it is not possible. . . . Our economy and our political system simply could not stand the strain."



The Senator is thinking paternalistically here. He seems to have in the back of his mind one of those old southern plantations, on which, for all I know, he may have been reared. He seems to think that "we" (the government? the taxpayers? the U.S. Senate?) must provide "them" with a living, as though "they" were unable to help themselves—as though immigrants were mere legless and armless torsos that had to be fed and clothed.

Senators in Washington spend a large and increasing proportion of their time taking money away from some people and distributing it to others. This activity is more likely to seem justifiable to legislators if they believe that the recipients are unable to help themselves. Accordingly, Huddleston and his fellow income-redistributors on Capitol Hill, to assuage their consciences, have long since grown comfortable with the notion that a sizeable portion of the U.S. population is helpless. Naturally, Cuban immigrants are thought of in the same way.

"The HEW inspector general has found that refugees compete for scarce housing in many areas," Huddleston writes. Has it occurred to him, I wonder, that the refugees could help to *build* new houses? The

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's *Washington editor.*

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useful role that Huddleston could perform here would be to stop entangling the construction of new houses in regulatory red tape. There is plenty of land upon which to build new houses, as the Senator would be able to determine for himself by looking out of the airplane window the next time he flies from Washington to Louisville. The notion that the United States is now "full up" is a monstrous lie promulgated by those who are comfortably off and anxious to ward off further competition.

"We as a nation have been extremely generous in our efforts to assist these unfortunate people," Huddleston writes. Although the immigrants certainly do not regard themselves as "unfortunate," this is partly true. Americans *are* generous, but if the Senator believes that HEW officials waiting at the jetty, eagerly luring immigrants into government programs, are a sign of generosity then he should think again. Nothing handicaps the able-bodied more rapidly than unearned cash. It makes people suspect that they are "victims" of something or other, which sows the seeds of grudge. A year or two of such treatment and they will be not immigrants but "minorities," complete with entitlements and set-asides. Incentives to work will be duly undermined. As far as immigrants are concerned, generosity shouldn't mean giving people things; it should mean allowing them to make things for themselves.

"The taxpayers of this country already have spent billions of dollars for refugee assistance," Huddleston continues. "This welfare assistance will not terminate quickly, but will go on for many years to come." The Senator here seems to forget that he is himself a lawmaker, and so is unusually well placed to change the law. Instead, he adopts a position so common in Washington today: that expenditures are immutable ("uncontrollable" is the word often used).

Instead of trying to reduce the flow of welfare dollars, Huddleston would prefer to reduce the flow of refugees. The attitude revealed here is one that permeates current liberal thought: People are the problem, to which government (albeit hard-pressed by so many people) is the solution. According to this way of looking at the world, America before the Pilgrims was a green and pleasant land because there was no inflation, no unemployment, no profiteering, no pollution . . . no people. Huddleston makes this point unconsciously when he insensitively notes that taking in Cubans can hardly be justified on the grounds that it will hurt Castro. "Castro will be even more securely in power once he is rid of these discontented people who threaten his regime." Once again people—malcontents, you understand—are Castro's problem, their absence his redemption.

Statism is paternalism updated, and Huddleston has been captured by the statists. Immigrants, he believes, "create new burdens" on government. He obediently defers to the zero-sum trend: "If one group of people succeeds in this country at the expense of another, that success is not only empty, it is costly to society as a whole." The idea that people are still capable of working hard and remaining independent of government is one that he does not seem to grasp at all. As for Emma Lazarus's poem on the Statue of Liberty, the Senator shamefully believes that "it must be applied in accordance with the realities of the world today and not in 1885." Huddleston here sounds more like a World Bank bureaucrat than a Senator from Kentucky. It is depressing to consider that there are about 60 others like him in the U.S. Senate.

How refreshing by contrast to read Warren Brookes' recent column in the Boston *Herald-American*. Brookes is surely one of the great unsung columnists in America today. He points out that the U.S. economy was built by immigrants, and adds: "Americans would do well to remember that this nation's greatest economic growth took place from 1880 to 1930, when we took in 37 million immigrants who, with their offspring, accounted for fully 60 percent of our huge population growth in that time." Brookes argues that "the nation as a whole may well be suffering [today] more from restricted immigration than benefitting from it." Less than 30 percent of our population growth today comes from immigration.

Brookes further points out that since the Cubans began arriving 20 years ago, Florida's personal income and jobs "have consistently grown twice as fast as the nation," and its unemployment rate fell sharply during the period of highest immigration. Further, the percentage of Florida's population on welfare has declined by 18 percent since 1970, while it has grown by 31 percent in the nation as a whole. "In other words," says Brookes, "the Cubans have 'brought their wealth with them,' in their energies, ambitions, hopes and qualities of thought, with which they have created their own economic progress, despite the fact that they came here without the English language, and with only the clothes on their backs. It is one more demonstration that, within a context of political and economic freedom, the wealth of a population is limited only by its individual human capacities, and not by its natural environment."

Words worthy of being carved into Walter Huddleston's Senate desk, I should say.

There is no worse slander against the United States than the claim that its material prosperity can historically be attributed to "abundant natural resources." This lie exists as a kind of hidden premise lurking behind many a policy made in Washington. It is triply pernicious because it manages simultaneously to denigrate the hardships and hard work of our forefathers, to deny the crucial role of a wisely constituted government in encouraging national wealth, and to provide a convenient rationale for denying admission to newcomers now knocking at the door: the resources are no longer abundant.

Of course "resources" (the word itself brings to mind an Institute for Policy Studies seminar) hve never been anything but scarce, and it is a measure of our deluded state to believe otherwise. When resources are abundant (grains of sand on the beach) they are valueless. When they acquire value, they become scarce by definition. Before the development of an industrial infrastructure, most materials are useless. Of what use was crude oil to the Red Indians? How much use has Zaire made of its material abundance? How much have Japan and Taiwan suffered from a lack of some raw materials?

The truth of the matter is that the only real wealth a nation possesses is its human capital, and by and large the best source of this throughout American history has been immigrants. Unfortunately, material prosperity has a way of softening up those who inherit it. After two or three generations, the well-off grandchildren of hardworking immigrants go to Harvard, some of them, and learn to hate America. Others go to the U.S. Senate. □

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Joseph Shattan

JIMMY'S FAVORITE TERRORIST

Yasir, that's my baby.

On June 13, 1980, American diplomacy appeared to score yet another success. Our European allies, it was widely reported, had gathered in Venice resolved to torpedo the Camp David accords and to embark on a Middle East initiative of their own, but were stopped dead in their tracks by stern admonitions from the White House. Instead, they contented themselves with issuing a declaration of principle for the resolution of the Arab-Israeli conflict which ignored Camp David altogether, thereby enabling administration spokesmen to claim a "victory" of sorts. The Venice declaration also denounced Israel, endorsed the "legitimate rights" of the Palestinians, and insisted that the PLO be "associated" with future negotiations aimed at resolving the Arab-Israeli conflict, but Secretary of State Muskie managed to take these developments in his stride. Congratulating the Europeans on their restraint, Muskie declared that the Venice declaration in no way contradicted the Camp David accords.

That Muskie should have words of praise for a policy statement whose sole practical significance lies in the added prestige it confers on the terrorist PLO will hardly come as a surprise to close students of recent American foreign policy. The Europeans, after all, were merely acting on the principle, long acknowledged by the Carter administration, that the best way of dealing with anti-Western movements like the PLO is to win them over by meeting at least some of their demands. Not so long ago this doctrine was called "appeasement"; nowadays, however, it is known as "realism." While the French are probably Europe's leading "realists," their views might never have gained such wide acceptance throughout the rest of Western Europe had it not been for the fact that the United States has also lent its prestige to the "realistic" position. Indeed, so far as the PLO is concerned, American realism predates Europe's by several years.

One of the earliest and most influential exponents of American "realism" toward the PLO was Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski. In the Spring 1975 issue of *Foreign Policy* magazine, Brzezinski, who was then the director of the Trilateral Commission, wrote an article with two other political scientists proposing that Israel accept "what would probably be the P.L.O.-dominated state of Palestine on the West Bank and Gaza Strip" in return for gradual Arab acceptance of Israel's legitimacy. As Brzezinski and his coauthors saw it, Kissinger's cautious step-by-step approach would never resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict. "To be effective," they reasoned, "a solution must attempt to treat the whole problem and not simply bits of the infection." Since the establishment of a Palestinian state was a critical Arab demand, such a state would have to emerge from an overall settlement.

Of course, Brzezinski and his colleagues recognized that the PLO was bent on Israel's destruction. They felt, however, that if the PLO were given a state on the West Bank and Gaza it would acquire a stake in the status quo and would gradually reconcile itself to Israel's legitimacy. Giving the PLO a state, they argued, would prove to be a blessing in disguise for Israel. It would resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict, bring stability to the Middle East, and secure the uninterrupted flow of Arab oil.

As is so often the case in recent history, what professors profess, politicians try to practice, especially when the politicians make professors their advisers. Within three months of coming into office, President Carter called for the establishment of a "Palestinian homeland," a move which Brzezinski, now Carter's National Security Adviser, promptly dubbed "our Balfour Declaration."* On October 1, 1977, the Carter administration went a step further and endorsed the "legitimate rights of the Palestinian people," a phrase widely understood to imply their right to a state. This endorsement was contained in a Joint Statement, issued by the United States and the Soviet Union, in which the two great powers undertook to convene a Geneva Conference by December to work out the details of a "comprehensive" settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict, "incorporating all parties concerned and all questions."

In its attempt to convene a Geneva Conference, however, the new administration was hampered by a legacy from the

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*The Balfour Declaration, issued by Great Britain in 1917, committed it to the establishment of a Jewish "national home" in Palestine.

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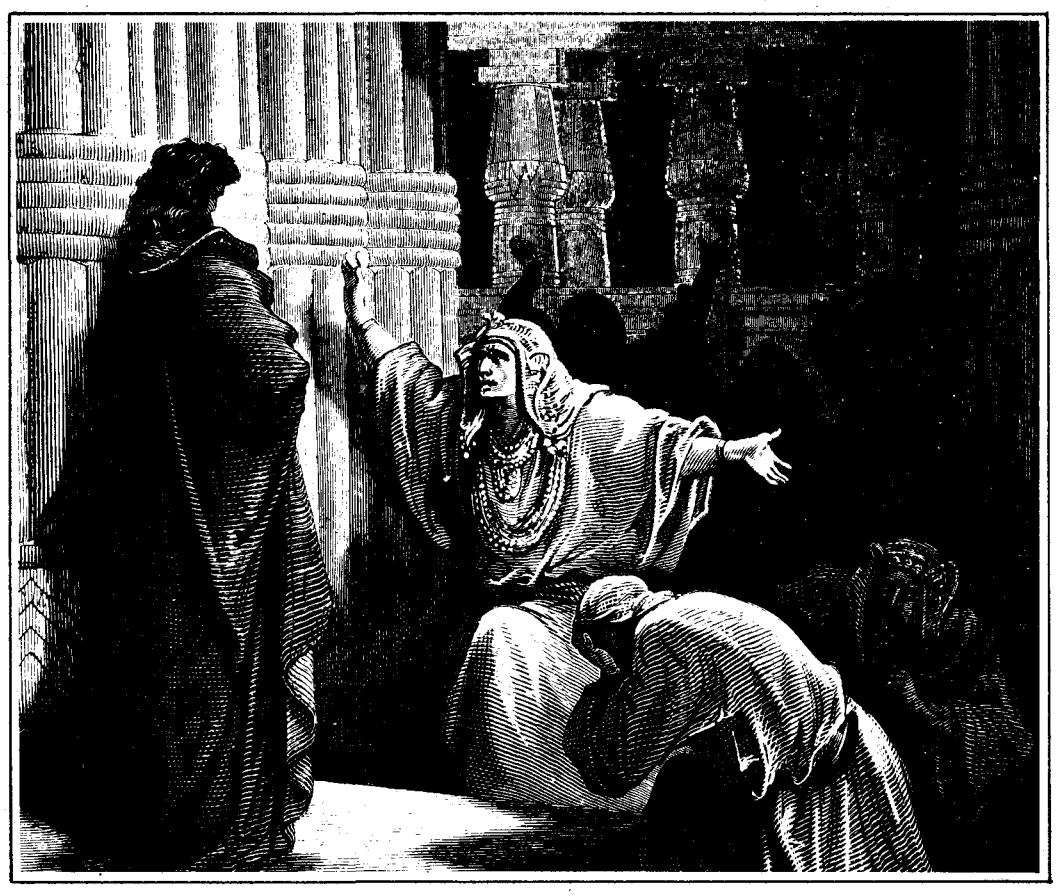
Kissinger era: an American commitment to Israel not to recognize or negotiate with the PLO until that organization recognized Israel's right to exist. The Arab states, particularly Syria, insisted that they would not go to Geneva without the PLO; Israel insisted that it would not go with it. Eager, if not desperate, to devise an arrangement which would permit the PLO to participate at Geneva, the Carter administration sought a formula by which it could recognize the PLO without violating its commitment to Israel.

The effort began in February, 1977, when Secretary of State Vance declared that the United States would recognize the PLO only if it removed those provisions in its National Covenant which called for Israel's destruction and accepted UN Security Council Resolution 242, which assures Israel of secure and recognized borders. These conditions the PLO refused to meet. In August, Vance revised his offer by announcing that if the PLO would merely accept Resolution 242, that in itself would constitute implicit recognition of Israel, thereby justifying American recognition of the PLO. The PLO replied by denouncing Resolution 242. Undeterred, the President decided to go even further. At a press conference in September he stated that if the PLO were to accept Resolution 242 with reservations, "that would suit us okay." Still the PLO refused to budge. Finally, in early October, the administration turned on Israel, demanding that it accept "low-level" PLO representatives at Geneva. This Israel refused to do, despite what Foreign Minister Dayan subsequently described as a "brutal" confrontation with Carter. Israel did, however, agree that Palestinian Arabs who did not identify themselves as PLO members might attend the conference.

As matters turned out, the entire American effort came to nothing. Egypt's President Sadat, concerned that in its negotiations with the Soviet Union and with radical Arabs the United States was neglecting Egypt's interests, launched his own peace initiative in November, thereby preempting the Geneva Conference. What remains noteworthy about the entire episode, however, is the intensity of the administration's effort to involve the PLO in the peacemaking process, an effort in striking accord with the recommendations offered by Brzezinski in 1975 and by the Europeans in 1980.

The initial American reaction to President Sadat's initiative was quite reserved, if not hostile. American policymakers feared that Sadat was about to conclude a separate peace with Israel. Were that to happen, they reasoned, the Middle East would be bitterly polarized, and the United States would be forced to choose between Egypt on the one hand and the rest of the Arab world on the other. Yet, despite its grave misgivings, the United States eventually endorsed the Sadat initiative and went on to play an important role in the ensuing negotiations. On March 26, 1979, the American, Israeli, and Egyptian efforts were crowned with success when an Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty was signed, amid much fanfare, on the White House lawn.

That same day, the United States renewed its courtship of the PLO—a courtship which had been suspended in the wake of Sadat's initiative—when President Carter told an Egyptian journalist several hours before the treaty's signing that the United States would "immediately start working directly" with the PLO once it accepted Resolution 242. Two days later, the President reaffirmed his determination. Speaking in Dallas, he declared: "I think as we let the other Arab entities, the PLO, Jordanians, Syrians, Lebanese, Iraqis see the tremendous benefits of the peace between Israel and Egypt, it's going to be much easier to bring them in the process and achieve a comprehensive peace throughout the Middle East." As if to make the process easier still, at the end of March the State Department announced that Shafiq al-Hout, director of the PLO's Beirut office, had been granted a visa for a speaking tour of the United States, despite the fact that American law expressly forbids members of terrorist organizations from entering the country.†



While the United States was thus engaged in sending conciliatory signals to the PLO, Yasir Arafat made it clear that he would not be easily conciliated. Denouncing the Camp David accords as a "Zionist-imperialist plot against the Palestinian people," Arafat predicted that Sadat would be "struck down," pledged his organization once again to Israel's destruction, and, in one of those flights of hyperbole to which he is prone, vowed to "chop off" President Carter's hands. He also warned that any Palestinian who endorsed the treaty would be guilty of "treachery," a warning not heeded by Sheikh Hasham Huzundair, a Gaza leader who, after hailing Sadat's peace initiative, was murdered by PLO killers.

Yet nothing Arafat said or did appeared capable of dissuading American officials from reaching out to him. Indeed, the United States seemed to move even closer to the PLO in April, when Assistant Secretary of State Harold Saunders and State Department legal adviser Herbert Hansell informed a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee that the United States could "legally" have contacts with the PLO under the terms of the 1975 U.S.-Israeli memorandum of agreement. That agreement, it seemed, simply barred the United States from recognizing or negotiating with the PLO. It said nothing about "communicating" with it. Thus, reasoned Saunders and Hansell, the United States could engage in "informal" contacts with the PLO without violating its pledge to Israel.

Finally, in August, two rather bizarre incidents brought the question of American relations with the PLO to a head. The first concerned the activities of UN Ambassador Andrew Young, who, after a good deal of subterfuge, finally admitted to having previously misinformed the State

†When the Anti-Defamation League's National Director, Maxwell Greenberg, sharply protested the action, Assistant Secretary of State Hodding Carter made the somewhat lame reply that although the PLO was a "proscribed" organization, a waiver was given to its Beirut director because he was considered a "moderate."

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Department about a clandestine meeting with Zehdi Terzi, the PLO's UN observer. Forced to resign on account of his mendacity, Young became an ardent advocate of closer U.S.-PLO relations. In accepting Young's resignation on August 15, President Carter had nothing but high praise for the outgoing ambassador, thereby associating himself, at least implicitly, with Young's actions.

The second incident concerned the President's special Middle East envoy, Robert Strauss. On August 16, as his plane was about the leave Washington for Israel, Strauss was handed a sealed envelope. Inside the envelope were typed instructions from President Carter (later attributed to Brzezinski by Strauss's aides), ordering him to inform Prime Minister Begin and President Sadat that the United States, in yet another overture to the PLO, intended to amend UN Security Council Resolution 242 by adding a reference to the political "rights" of the Palestinians. When Strauss conveyed his message, Begin told him that Israel adamantly opposed such an amendment and Sadat told him that it was "stupid." Soon thereafter the scheme was discarded, Strauss became director of the President's reelection campaign, and the effort to involve the PLO in the peace negotiations, so ardently pursued in the wake of the Egyptian-Israeli treaty, was quietly dropped as the President set about the far from simple task of getting himself reelected. That the effort will be resumed with an even greater intensity should Carter be returned to office is a prediction few would gainsay.

Perhaps the most curious feature of the prolonged American effort to involve the PLO in the Camp David negotiations is that even a cursory familiarity with the politics of the region makes it clear that this effort cannot possibly succeed. The PLO, after all, is a Soviet client: It depends on Moscow for its arms, its military training, and the prestige it enjoys among "progressive" circles.‡ Since the Soviet Union is profoundly opposed to the Camp David accords—regarding them, with some justification, as an effort to exclude it from Middle Eastern affairs—the PLO is hardly in a position to endorse them, even if it wanted to. It is therefore "no coincidence" (as former Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov used to say) that the PLO has stated time and again that it will never participate in negotiations until the United States abandons Camp David.

Despite this, the Carter administration has gone to extraordinary lengths to induce the PLO to endorse Camp David. How can such bizarre behavior be accounted for? Part of the explanation, no doubt, has to do with the strange conviction on the part of Carter's most influential foreign policy advisers that the demands of radical, anti-American movements throughout the Third World—in Iran, Nicaragua, and Zimbabwe no less than in the Middle East—be accommodated wherever possible. As Jeane Kirkpatrick has pointed out, underlying this conviction are at least two others: that revolutionary movements are the "wave of the future" in the Third World and that the exercise of power will necessarily moderate the leaders of these movements, gradually transforming them from enemies into friends. (That the exercise of power did not moderate the revolutionary ambitions of Lenin, Hitler, Castro, Nasser, or Ho Chi Minh, but served rather to whet their appetites for further conquests, is apparently irrelevant.) Proponents of this point of view like to regard themselves as "realists" and to dismiss their critics as hopeless "cold warriors" who have yet to outgrow their "inordinate fear of Communism."

But if the "realism" of the Carter administration accounts for its willingness to court the PLO, the urgency of that courtship derives from its need to devise a policy to counter the spread of Soviet influence to the oil-rich Persian Gulf. The administration evidently believes that its failure to recognize the PLO has alienated potential Arab allies, especially Saudi Arabia. These Arab countries, it reasons, would prefer to align themselves more closely with the United States but cannot do so as long as the United States is not more forthcoming in its policy toward the PLO. "Winning over" the PLO is seen by the administration as the key to "winning over" the Arab world, thereby securing vital Western oil supplies from Soviet encroachment.

In fact, however, "winning over" the PLO has virtually nothing to do with "winning over" the Arab states along the Persian Gulf. Whether these states decide to align themselves with the United States depends far more upon what they judge the likely consequence of such an alignment to be. That judgment, in turn, can only be based on the record of American behavior towards other allies in the past, and that record, extending as it does from Nicaragua to South Vietnam to Taiwan, is unlikely to inspire much confidence in the value of a pro-American foreign policy. Is it any wonder, then, that a Kuwaiti newspaper recently argued that American support "is harmful for those who accept it and those who agree with it"? That elements within the Carter administration believe that American recognition of the PLO would somehow restore Arab confidence in the United States only goes to show that the Occidental mind is truly inscrutable.

But while the Carter administration's courtship of the PLO cannot possibly secure the friendship of the Arab world, it has already succeeded in undermining the administration's only significant foreign policy achievement to date—the Camp David accords. The Egyptians, after all, can hardly afford to appear less pro-Palestinian than the Americans in the current "autonomy" negotiations; whether they want to or not, they must continue to press for a Palestinian state. The Israelis, on the other hand, are very reluctant to offer any concessions in the current talks on the so far justified assumption that each concession will only be followed by new Egyptian and American demands for further concessions. As a result, the year-long autonomy talks have become effectively deadlocked, Egyptian-Israeli relations are steadily deteriorating, and

‡The PLO's ties to the Soviet Union were reaffirmed on the eve of the Venice gathering, when El-Fatah, the largest and supposedly most moderate faction of the PLO, vowed "to strengthen the strategic alliance with the socialist countries, especially the Soviet Union," and declared that "the United States stands at the top of the enemies of our people and our nation."

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the future of the Egyptian-Israeli treaty grows increasingly uncertain.

Instead of inducing the administration to abandon its courtship of the PLO, however, these setbacks have merely confirmed its initial reservations toward the Sadat initiative and have reinforced its determination to involve the PLO in the current negotiations. Only by "broadening" the Camp David accords to include the PLO, it is argued, can a "comprehensive settlement" of the Arab-Israeli conflict be achieved.

Just how the Arab states regard this intense American activity on behalf of the PLO is far from obvious. Publicly, they applaud it as a further step toward the creation of a Palestinian state. Privately, though, no Arab state actually favors the creation of a new Palestinian state. As Raymond Tanter, Ronald Reagan's perceptive Middle East affairs adviser, accurately put it: "The Syrians don't want a Palestinian state—they think the West Bank, like Lebanon, ought to be part of 'Greater Syria.' The Egyptians don't want it—they're sure it would be anti-Egyptian. The Saudis don't want it—they fear it would become a Middle Eastern Cuba. And King Hussein of Jordan is scared stiff of a Palestinian state on the West Bank—he thinks it would threaten his throne.** In fact, the only ones who seem genuinely to want a Palestinian state are the PLO and the Russians—and some of President Carter's advisers."

From the point of view of these advisers —Brzezinski foremost among them—the recent European initiative on behalf of the PLO could not have been more nicely timed. Though the Carter administration has been forced to ease off on the Israelis for the duration of the election season, the Europeans, like the good allies they are, have obligingly taken up the slack. Once the election is over and President Carter is safely ensconced in office, administration officials can be relied upon to cite the Venice declaration in favor of more accommodating American policy toward the PLO.

And so the circle will at last have been completed: Prodded by the strenuous American courtship of the PLO into a more "realistic" posture themselves, the Europeans' flirtation with the PLO will serve as the pretext for a still more "realistic" American position. Thus, the terrorist PLO, concealing neither its pro-Soviet sympathies nor its ultimate aims, goes from strength to strength, borne on a swelling tidal wave of Western delusion, avarice, and stupidity. "If the aim of American policymakers is to reward our enemies and to betray our friends," observes Mrs. Kirkpatrick, "then American Middle East policy undoubtedly ranks as a brilliant success, for that is precisely what it has accomplished." □

**The PLO regards Hussein's kingdom as no more than eastern Palestine and is pledged to destroy *both* Israel and Jordan.

Eugene V. Rostow

RESCUING MISSIONS

Whatever the obstacles to rescuing our diplomats in Iran, international law isn't one of them.

Whatever else may be said of the Iranian revolution, it has certainly tested the faith of classical American Puritans, for whom everything bad that happens in the world is the fault of the United States and all "revolutions" are at least presumptively good. Even the best among them, whose sense of guilt has been honed in a thousand demos, have found it difficult to fit Khomeini's revolution into the pattern of their convictions.

At first, their task was easy. They dismissed the evidence of Soviet involvement as rabid anti-Communism, pointed to the Shah's reforms as evidence of the way modernity was riding roughshod over Iran's traditional way of life, made the usual inferences from the United States' support of the Shah, and concluded the obvious: that the Iranian revolution was an idealistic revolt against imperialism, materialism, and capitalism and a return to the Golden Age of Persian culture. In short, it was a Good Thing.

Over time, however, they had trouble sustaining their first opinions. Among other things, they found it difficult to swallow Khomeini's attack on the equality of women; his restoration of barbarous punishments; his secret police and recourse to assassination; and the general state of anarchy in which Iran was floundering. Above all else, though, they gagged on our diplomats being held hostage in Iran. True, people like Ramsey Clark and Richard Falk—battle-hardened defenders of Hanoi during the Vietnam war—have tried to muster an "explanation," if not a defense, for the imprisonment of our diplomats. But even for them this has not been easy.

Professor Falk, for instance, begins his "explanation" by concluding, regretfully, that it is impossible to find a legal justification for holding diplomats hostage. Here, of course, he is right. The immunity of diplomats is indispensable to the functioning of the international state system and has been the first rule of international relations for millennia. Julius Caesar, wisely mild in handling Gallic tribal leaders who resisted Rome, made an exception for the Breton chiefs who dared to arrest his envoys. After crushing their rebellion, he executed their leaders and sent the rest into slavery. The principle of diplomatic immunity, he felt, had to be respected absolutely; therefore, he concluded, the lesson had to be made very plain indeed.

Professor Falk acknowledges that the law today is quite as clear as it was in Caesar's time. He argues only that it is out of date and should be changed. But it has not been changed yet, and cannot be changed while international relations are conducted by states. All Falk can bring himself to say, and here Ramsey Clark joins him, is that the Muslim fundamentalists led by Khomeini have been so deeply outraged by the Shah's programs of modernization that they should not be blamed "too much" for taking "extreme" measures in order to win justice or at least avenge those who in their view have betrayed tradition in Iran.

For the people who think this way, of course, the failure of the American military attempt to rescue the hostages was a cause for celebration. With this issue, they felt,

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they could resume their normal posture of denouncing the government of the United States for illegality, intervention, and barbarism. Several of them tried. But here too they failed. They discovered to their chagrin that the American effort was entirely proper under both customary international law and the law of the United Nations Charter which codifies—and modifies—customary international law.

Even if two states are at peace with each other, international law has always authorized one to use force against the other under certain circumstances in the exercise of its "sovereign" and "inherent" right of self-defense: when the offending state has violated basic legal obligations to the other; when peaceful means for obtaining relief have failed, or would be unavailing; when the necessity for action is urgent, and irreparable injury might be caused by further delay; and when the force used to remedy the injury is limited, proportional to the offense, and not excessively dangerous.

The most frequently cited instance where such circumstances came into play is the celebrated *Caroline* episode. In 1837, there was an insurrection, possibly portending a civil war, in Canada. Some enthusiastic friends of the rebels gathered in northern New York to form armed bands and join the fray. The United States owed Great Britain the fundamental and absolute international legal obligation not to allow its territory to be used for armed attacks against Canada. A United States marshal went to the encampment of potential soldiers and reasoned with its leaders. He was met with derision. The United States cavalry did not gallop up promptly to arrest the adventurers, so the British dispatched a couple of companies across the Niagara River into New York. The redcoats chased the would-be soldiers away and sent their good ship *Caroline,* which had been used to ferry them into Canada, over Niagara Falls.

In the spirited diplomatic correspondence which ensued, Secretary of State Daniel Webster vigorously protested the British raid, but he did not dispute Britain's right to use force in defending itself against armed attack from New York under certain conditions. He simply argued that Britain should have given the government in Washington more time to clear up the guerrilla camps itself.

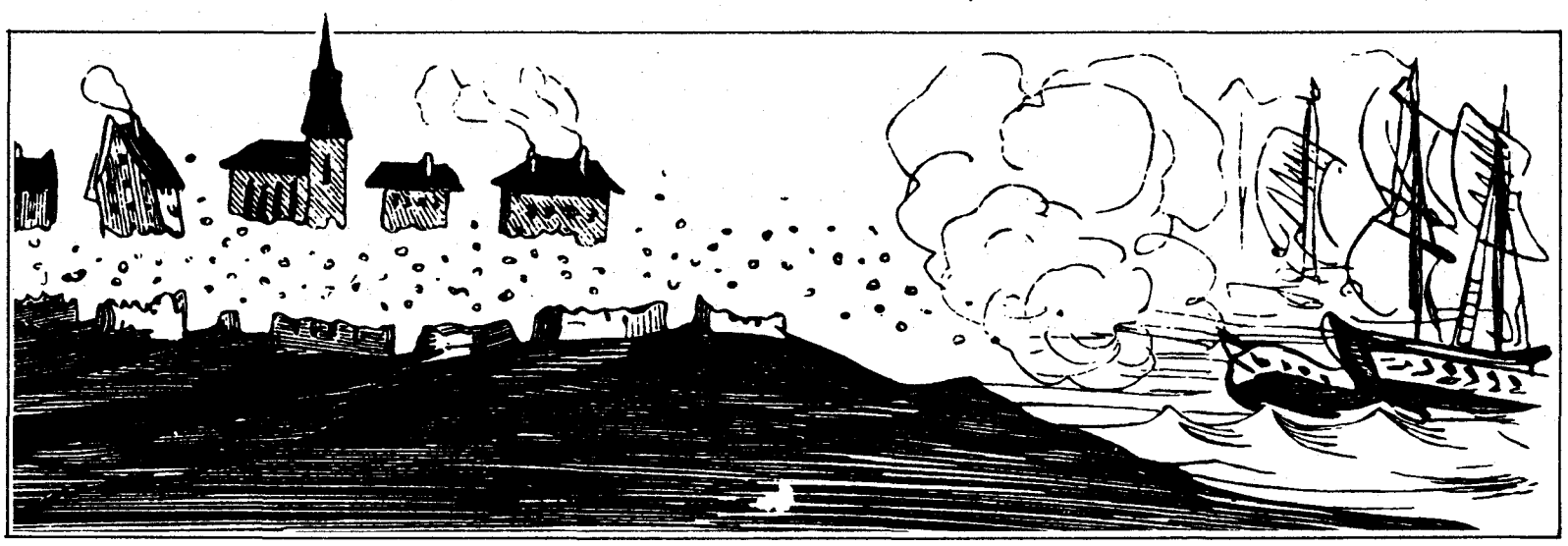
The history books are full of such episodes. President Monroe sent General Andrew Jackson into Spanish Florida to disperse armed bands which had been conducting raids in Georgia, on the ground that the Spanish government was incapable of doing so itself. President Wilson mounted a major expedition against Mexico to stop the activities of Pancho Villa, whose campaigns extended into Texas. And one of our naval commanders became a national hero by threatening to fire on an Austrian vessel in the harbor of Smyrna, because the Austrian consul there was seeking to arrest and repatriate an Austrian citizen who had taken out American first papers.

It is probably more common today than it was in the nineteenth century to use force internationally in time of peace to remedy breaches of international law for which no lesser remedy is available. It is no longer fashionable, to be sure, to take over the local customs house in order to guarantee the payment of interest on outstanding loans. And nowadays the major powers lack the self-confidence to enforce what used to be considered self-evident rules of passage on the high seas.

Nevertheless, states are no less willing than before to use force in order to resist guerrilla attacks launched from the territory of other states and to protect citizens exposed to attacks of many kinds while abroad. On the contrary, as the world political system is exposed more and more to the expansionist pressures of the Soviet Union, which often organizes and encourages guerrilla warfare as a means for achieving its ends, the number of such episodes involving guerrilla warfare is on the rise. Similarly, as many parts of the world sink into anarchy, the need for states to protect their citizens abroad, particularly their diplomats on station, is becoming more, not less, acute. While it is often difficult to prevent or to remedy such breaches of international law militarily, no one has effectively challenged the idea that the obligation of a state to defend its territory, its officers, and its citizens is central to the notion of sovereignty, and that an aggrieved state may defend itself in the most practicable possible way, i.e., as the British did in New York in 1837.

When a foreign government has violated the rights of diplomats and citizens abroad or failed to protect them against a violation of their rights by private groups, the strictures of international law are equally clear-cut. The Entebbe rescue in 1976 and the German raid in Somalia in 1977 are valid applications of the rule. In both instances terrorists held the passengers and crew of civilian transport aircraft hostage, demanding, among other things, the release of prisoners in foreign prisons. In the Entebbe affair, the position of the Ugandan government was ambiguous, at the very least; the Somali government, on the other hand, recognizing its inability to capture the terrorists without killing the hostages, invited the Germans in. Although much has been made of this difference, it certainly does not affect the legality of what either the Israelis or the Germans did. Uganda and Somalia were under the same legal obligation to protect an aircraft and its passengers from being hijacked by terrorists in their territories. That obligation was quite as serious as the obligation of the United States in 1837 to prevent its territory from being used as a base for guerrilla attacks in Canada. In both Uganda and Somalia the obligation was not met. For that reason, and that reason alone, the Israelis and the Germans had the same right under international law to use a reasonable amount of force to cure the breach by rescuing their aircraft and their citizens.

When the United Nations Charter was drafted in 1945, many experts argued that it was unnecessary and indeed undesirable to include an article on the right of self-defense. The right of self-defense was so important, they said, so close to the bone of sovereignty, so pervasive, and so difficult to define that it would be better to leave it out of the Charter altogether. Then no one could contend that the Charter in



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any way qualified the right of sovereign states to defend themselves against major breaches of international law that could not be remedied by diplomacy, arbitration, or litigation. In the event, the draftsmen of the Charter compromised with Article 51. It declares that nothing in the Charter qualifies "the inherent right" of individual or collective self-defense—but it seems to limit that right to situations of "armed attack."

Article 51 has been one of the most controversial provisions of the Charter, but the controversies which swirl about the words and ideas of Article 51 do not affect the legal right of the United States to use whatever force is necessary to obtain the release of its diplomats from their captivity in Iran. Whether the captors of our diplomats are considered officers of the Iranian state or members of a private army the Iranian state cannot control is immaterial. Iran is responsible under either hypothesis. Armed force is being used to keep our diplomats prisoner. That is an "armed attack" on the sovereignty of the United States under any definition of the term. Every peaceful remedy has been tried and has failed. Both the doctrines of international law and the pattern of state practice fully support the legality of our attempt to rescue our diplomats.

To dismiss the legal arguments against our attempt to release our diplomats in Iran by force is not of course the same as arguing that we should land the Marines and proceed. Our strategic interests in the Persian Gulf are great and our strategic position at the moment is delicate. But whatever the advisability of our using force in Iran at this time, our decision should not be affected by doubts about its legality. □

Carl Gershman

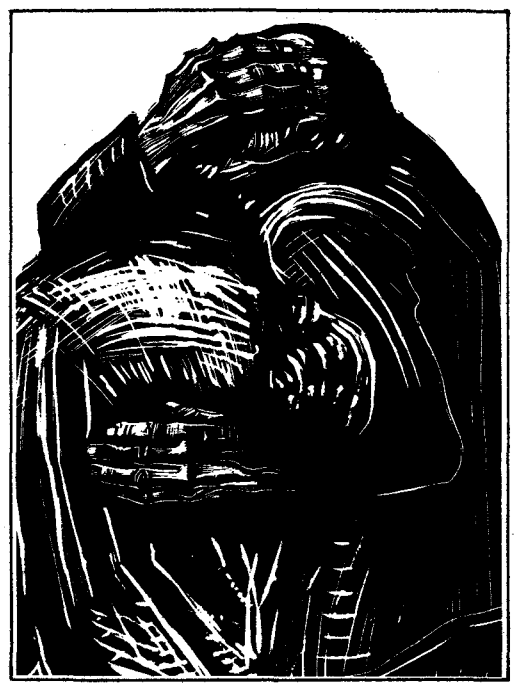
CAMBODIA AND THE PRINCE

Sihanouk remembers what anti-war apologists choose to forget.

Somewhere toward the end of *War & Hope: The Case for Cambodia,** Prince Norodom Sihanouk comments that during the period between his overthrow by Lon Nol in 1970 and Hanoi's victory over the Pol Pot regime nine years later he had ample time to reflect upon his own past mistakes and the "indescribable horror" that has befallen the Khmer people. If he offers something less than the full benefit of those reflections in *War & Hope,* it is because the book is in part a self-serving political manifesto explaining Sihanouk's obviously sincere belief that he holds out the only remaining hope for his country. Nevertheless, the book is a good deal more than that, for, whatever his intentions, Sihanouk adds to the evidence discrediting the anti-war position.

It is difficult to quarrel with Sihanouk's main contention, that his return to power is in Cambodia's best interests. Surely no one else could conceivably restore peace and independence to the country. The current ruler, Heng Samrin, is just a puppet of Hanoi who won't even allow international food and medical relief to reach the starving Khmer people. His chief opponent, the ousted Pol Pot, is the most notorious butcher since Hitler and Stalin, having managed in the course of 45 months to liquidate over a quarter of the country's population. Both are tied to opposing Communist camps, the former to Moscow and the latter to Peking, which means that the venomous Sino-Soviet rivalry is now superimposed on the ancient enmity between Vietnam and Cambodia. A solution on either Heng Samrin's or Pol Pot's terms is thus impossible, even if the hands of both were not dripping with blood.

Sihanouk, on the other hand, is a genuine nationalist and a conciliator by nature. At one time or another over the years he has been able to cooperate with virtually every party to the Indochinese conflict, including not just the regional and global Communist powers but the Americans as well. His loyalty to Cambodia is beyond dispute. It is, in fact, his *only* loyalty, which accounts for his ideological opportunism and his promiscuous taste in political allies. When he promises that his Cambodia would be completely neutral (which he distinguishes from being "nonaligned"), giving no power cause for intervention, he can be taken at his word.



Nonetheless, the odds against his return to power are prohibitive. His three-point plan for a solution to the conflict calls for the abolition of both the Heng Samrin government and the Pol Pot resistance, a new international conference on Indochina, and free elections in which the Khmer people themselves can freely choose their leaders from among competing political parties. He is confident he would win such an open contest, and he undoubtedly would. But no one seriously entertains the thought that such elections will ever be held.

True, the United States supports Sihanouk's position. But the time is long past when the United States was in a position to exercise any significant influence over events in Southeast Asia. Sihanouk thinks that Hanoi might be induced to withdraw from Cambodia in exchange for massive American economic aid. But even he seems to know that this is wishful thinking, for he speaks elsewhere of Hanoi's "land-hungry and hegemonic intentions toward Cambodia."

The other reasons he gives for believing his plan is feasible are no more convincing.

*Pantheon, $10.95.

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He thinks that the Vietnamese and the Khmer Rouge forces of Pol Pot "should be allowed to keep killing each other off" since this would weaken Hanoi and undermine its ability to "colonize" his country. But with 200,000 troops in Cambodia, Hanoi will probably be able to hold on indefinitely and is far more likely to strike further into Thailand than to withdraw from Cambodia.

He also thinks that Vietnam's growing economic problems at home mean that it won't have the resources "to gain a lasting hold over Cambodia." Yet earlier in the book he notes that Vietnam's inability to manage its economy is actually a reflection of its devotion to war. It is hard to see, then, why he takes comfort in this particular disability of his neighbor.

He also maintains that Vietnam will not "be able to defy international opinion indefinitely" by continuing to colonize another country. But where is the "coalition of countries of good will" which is pressuring Vietnam to withdraw? (Where was it, in fact, when Pol Pot was carrying out his horrid revolution?) As Sihanouk admitted earlier this year during a visit to the United States, even France, Cambodia's ruler until 1954, will not support his proposal for an international conference since it "does not want bad relations with my enemies," the Soviet Union and Vietnam (the *Washington Star,* February 25, 1980).

When he writes that Vietnam will negotiate with him out of gratitude, "seeing how much I sacrificed for them, including the Khmer monarchy," he is grasping at straws. He spoke more realistically during his visit to the United States when he explained that he had sided with the Vietcong against America in the 1960s "to get [Hanoi's] gratitude for the future . . . [but] they were very ungrateful."

His final argument is that a Chinese "show of force" might persuade Hanoi to open up talks, "considering that Vietnam is more sensitive to military than friendly persuasion." It is particularly ironic that he should take this view, since presumably one of the book's major concerns, as Gerard Brissé writes in his introduction, "is to demonstrate the absurdity of any attempts to solve Indochinese problems by forcible means." But this is clearly not a fair reading of the book. Despite Sihanouk's well-known anti-militarism, which Western liberals find so appealing, he seems well aware that in the end the Vietnamese Communists understand only force and will not be brought to terms if it is not used against them.

In fact, what Sihanouk reveals in *War & Hope* is that his posture of neutralism and conciliation was never intended to be a realistic policy for all of Indochina but is rather a *Cambodian* policy for survival against its powerful Vietnamese neighbor. It is a policy of appeasement, pure and simple. This is not by itself a criticism of Sihanouk, since he is correct in his fundamental estimate of Cambodia's weakness and Vietnam's strength and is therefore wise to prefer wily diplomacy to the use or threat of force. That is how the weak must behave. "I am a chauvinistic enough nationalist," he writes, "to have risked humiliation in order to seek Vietnam's friendship and respect." He feels that both Lon Nol and Pol Pot were wrong to have taken a more confrontationist course with Vietnam, though he never demonstrates that appeasement was successful either, at least not the way he played the game.

In *War & Hope* he offers no honest assessment of his pro-Hanoi policy during the 1960s. He says only that he was overthrown by Lon Nol and Nixon because he had "leaned slightly toward revolutionary Vietnam." In fact, he was overthrown by the Cambodian army (without American connivance) because he had allowed the North Vietnamese into Cambodia and couldn't get them out, even though he had sanctioned American "hot pursuit" ground raids and B-52 bombing missions to clear out the sanctuaries.

William Shawcross, in the second introduction to *War & Hope,* writes that the "terrible mistakes" of Sihanouk's that led to his undoing had to do with his neglect of domestic concerns. But Sihanouk himself has admitted that he fell because his policy toward Vietnam failed. For example, during his visit to the United States recently he conceded that the Cambodian army was right to have deposed him "because I was wrong" in siding with Hanoi.

This kind of candor is missing from *War & Hope* where Sihanouk tries too hard to justify himself and to adopt fashionable positions. Nevertheless, he reveals that the main issue for himself (as well as for Lon Nol and Pol Pot) was always Vietnam's "hegemonic intentions." He had been trying to hold off Hanoi, in fact, ever since Ho Chi Minh opened up a second front in Cambodia during the war against the French from 1947-1954. In addition to "their armed penetration, even at that early date, into Cambodia," Sihanouk writes, the Communists undertook "an energetic subversion campaign" aimed at Cambodian peasants, workers, and Buddhist monks and also tried to organize a "Khmer popular uprising" against the monarchy. They remained in Cambodia even after the French withdrew in November, 1953, indicating their future intentions by bringing 5,000 Khmers to Hanoi for what Sihanouk calls "pro-Communist brainwashing."

All this is useful background for a reading of Shawcross's now famous book, *Sideshow: Nixon, Kissinger and the Destruction of Cambodia,*† where events in Cambodia are treated as if they were entirely unrelated to North Vietnam's "hegemonic intentions," and *America* is accused of dragging Cambodia into the war. Shawcross, in his introduction to *War & Hope,* writes that Sihanouk is "cautious" in his criticism of the United States. But caution doesn't explain Sihanouk's failure to adopt the Shawcross view of the conflict. The reason is simply that Sihanouk can't conceal his understanding that the root of the

†Reviewed in these pages by Mr. Gershman in September, 1979. [Ed.]

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conflict was North Vietnamese imperialism, not American intervention.

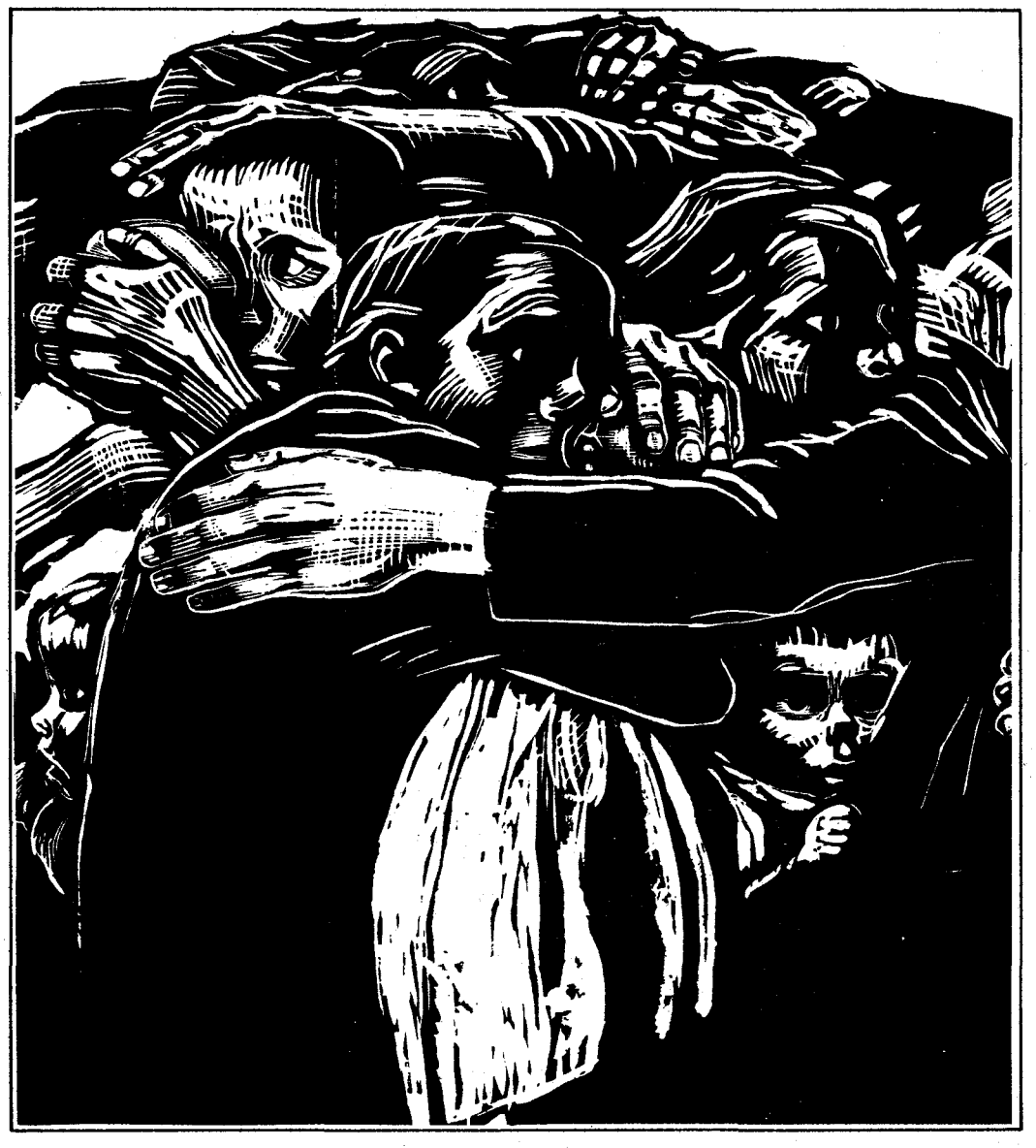
In fact, if Sihanouk were to remain consistent with his observations about Vietnam he would have to recognize that the American presence in Indochina was necessary to restrain Hanoi, just as he wants China to play the same role today. He would also have to acknowledge that his country was destroyed not because America tried to counter Vietnam, which is the myth propagated by Shawcross and others, but because it failed to do so effectively. As an experienced practitioner of small-power realpolitik (i.e., appeasement), Sihanouk surely knows that Cambodia could not survive without a balance of force which contained Hanoi.

There are many other respects in which *War & Hope* offers evidence which conflicts with the views of Shawcross and others, who nevertheless use Sihanouk in defense of their anti-war position. For example, in *Sideshow* Shawcross opened his attack against U.S. policy with the charge that the so-called "menu" bombing raids against North Vietnamese sanctuaries hit areas where there were "sizeable" concentrations of Cambodian civilians. But Sihanouk remarks that before the Lon Nol coup the sanctuaries were "limited to a few outlying and *uninhabited* sectors along the Cambodia-Vietnam borderline" (emphasis added).‡

Another pillar of the Shawcross argument is that the United States unilaterally brought Cambodia into the war as a belligerent with its ground assault on the sanctuaries beginning on April 30, 1970. Shawcross attributed the incursion to the desire of Nixon and Kissinger to show their toughness. But he conveniently neglected to mention the North Vietnamese offensive against Cambodian military positions and civilian locations which was launched *more than a month before the incursion* and which threatened the survival of the Phnom Penh government.

In *War & Hope*, Sihanouk writes that Hanoi's military positions inside Cambodia "visibly expanded and swelled in size shortly after Lon Nol's coup d'état; then *they spread through the whole of the self-proclaimed Khmer Republic*" (emphasis added). He notes also that this offensive coincided with the formation of a "brand-new military alliance of the North Vietnamese, the Sihanouk supporters, and the Khmer Rouge" which was "made official in Canton in April, 1970, with the blessing of Prime Minister Chou En-lai, the enthusiastic host of the Summit Conference of Indochinese Peoples." In other words, the Communist forces (with Sihanouk's cooperation) had organized themselves for a full-scale attack on Cambodia which was already well underway *before* the U.S.-South Vietnamese ground incursion. To suggest that the U.S. brought Cambodia into the war is, therefore, a blatant and disgraceful distortion of the truth, for by Sihanouk's own admission Hanoi and its allies were the aggressors.

‡Shawcross has now withdrawn his charge that the U.S. attacked Base Area 704 in southern Cambodia where 1,640 Cambodians were living. In a letter to NBC News (October 10, 1979), he acknowledged that it was actually Base Area 740 in northeastern Cambodia that was attacked. Shawcross attributed his erroneous charge to a clerical error in a Defense Department public statement. But he had other documents in his possession, one of which was released to him under the Freedom of Information Act, which correctly labeled Base Area 740 as the targeted sanctuary and, in addition, described in great detail the elaborate North Vietnamese troop concentrations in the area, along with anti-aircraft, field artillery, rocket and mortar positions, storage areas, road networks, bridges, and so forth. All of this Shawcross neglected to mention in *Sideshow*.



Of all the contentions made in *Sideshow*, none is more essential to the book's main argument than the charge that America is ultimately responsible for the bestial crimes of the Khmer Rouge. Shawcross contends that the Khmer Rouge became brutal because they were brutalized by the United States during the course of the war. Here again, though, Sihanouk offers a completely different interpretation.

He writes, for example, that the Khmer Rouge created a strong army only after "several years of persistent indoctrination and harsh training." They recruited, he explains, exclusively from among the poorest peasants in the most remote villages, using "clever propaganda" to fill "their hearts with a seething, unquenchable hatred for the 'upper classes.' " They concentrated on recruiting 12-year-old children who were the most easily indoctrinated and who enjoyed "the tantalizing prospect of playing war" and "having the power of life and death over all categories of slaves." The training of these new recruits emphasized "cruel games" such as "killing dogs, cats, and other edible animals with clubs or bayonets." In the course of such training, they became "addicted to torture. For years their chief entertainment had been the physical suffering of men and animals." Sihanouk notes that while he was under house arrest in 1976 his guards "took great pleasure in catching mice, shutting them in a cage, and setting fire to it. They seemed to love watching the mice run around in circles, desperately and hopelessly looking for a way out, then die in the flames. They played this game every day."

There was a method to this madness and it was conceived by the Sorbonne-educated "Parisian Communists" who directed the Khmer Rouge. It was necessary to "harden the hearts and minds" of the Communist cadres, for only if they were entirely devoid of all human sensibility could they carry through the total revolution desired by the ideologues at the top. According to Sihanouk, the Khmer Rouge

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leaders told him that "we will be the first nation to create a completely communist society without wasting time on intermediate steps." This, of course, is precisely what they tried to do, killing three million people in the process.

Reports from refugees fleeing Cambodia in 1973 indicate that the Khmer Rouge began to implement their revolutionary idea in areas under their control as early as 1971. Kenneth M. Quinn, a Foreign Service Officer, prepared a detailed report on the totalitarian practices of the Khmer Rouge in these areas which was based entirely on data collected between 1972 and 1974, mostly from refugees. These practices were identical to those followed after April 17, 1975, throughout Cambodia: the forcible relocation of the population, collectivized hard labor, the destruction of the family and religious institutions, and a generalized policy of terror that included executions for minor infringements of discipline.

As François Ponchaud later pointed out in his book *Cambodia: Year Zero,* the motivation behind these policies was ideological. The attempt to create "a new concept of society" was "a perfect example of the application of an ideology pushed to the farthest limit of its internal logic." The fact that ideology was at the root of the Khmer Rouge crimes and that it was applied so early in the war shows how contemptibly absurd the notion is that the Communists became brutal only after five years of war against the American-backed forces.

It is obviously very hard for those who, in Solzhenitsyn's words, are "enslaved to progressive quirks" to acknowledge the role of revolutionary Communist ideology in the Cambodian holocaust. Shawcross himself admitted recently at a forum organized by the Institute for Policy Studies that he refused to believe the reports of Communist atrocities at first (after April 17, 1975, that is) because he didn't think a "left-wing" movement could be capable of doing such things. Now he knows that the reports were true, but he continues to shift the blame by holding the United States *ultimately* responsible for the destruction of Cambodia.

Even if he were to accept the view that the Communists behaved brutally because their ideology demanded it, he could still fall back on his final anti-American argument, which is that the United States enabled the Khmer Rouge to grow by creating a situation where they gained legitimacy as the leaders of a popular anti-imperialist resistance. Sihanouk himself has taken this view, but in *War & Hope* he refutes the whole argument.

He does so unintentionally in the course of apologizing for his own role during the war. Responding to the charge that he was a coward for staying in Peking while the war was going on, he explains that he was held there against his will:

> The truth is that the Sihanouk name alone helped [the Khmer Rouge] recruit cannon fodder more easily and win the rural and urban population away from Lon Nol. They certainly needed my political and moral support. But they wanted this support to come to them from Peking or Pyongyang. They were determined to close Cambodia off to me so that they could consolidate their own power and prevent me from holding sway over the Khmer people at some future date.

He writes that he became "humiliated and exasperated by such treatment" as early as April, 1970, when he informed Chou En-lai that he intended to step down as the head of the "resistance" after the war was won. Chou asked him not to make his decision public since this might "demoralize the Khmer people" who "were fighting for Sihanouk." Indeed, Chou told him that if he resigned his position, "the Cambodian people will stop fighting and Lon Nol and the Americans will win."

So he remained in Peking as the titular head of the pro-Communist forces and their most effective propaganda weapon. Even after the Khmer Rouge had eliminated Sihanouk's supporters in 1973 he continued to promote their cause. Shawcross writes in the introduction that Sihanouk was "too quick" to join up with the Communists since his name gave them "instant and widespread legitimacy at home." But this is about as far as he is prepared to go in criticizing Sihanouk. The real culprit, of course, is the United States.

At the heart of the anti-American argument is the unwillingness of those who opposed the war to come to terms honestly with the consequences of their views. It is perhaps still too soon to expect a reconsideration of the anti-war position in the West, since too many people have a political stake in defending the anti-war view, and moreover the Communist victory has not affected them personally.

But one expects something more from Sihanouk than what is presented in *War & Hope*. It was his country, after all, that was transformed by the Khmer Rouge victory into what he calls "a vast gulag, an immense slaughterhouse worthy of Auschwitz." And as we have seen, he played no small role in their victory. Yet in this book, if not elsewhere, he is not prepared to admit that he made any mistakes. He still speaks of the "just cause" of the Vietnamese Communists against "the American imperialists" and praises Hanoi for providing a "heroic shield" during the early part of the Cambodian war which "allowed the fledgling Khmer Rouge armed forces to develop and grow stronger." But it was this very "heroic shield" and "our joint anti-American undertaking" that allowed "the incorrigible assassins of the Khmer, nation, and race" to take power.

Unfortunately, Sihanouk is still too much

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the cunning politician with his eye on the future, when what is needed from him is an honest assessment of the past. The time when Cambodia could be saved is now long gone. For the present, the most that can be done is to care for the survivors of the holocaust and try to understand why Cambodia died. Sihanouk probably understands this, but instead of speaking the truth he offers himself as a palliative for the conscience of the Left and as a conciliator in a conflict that has already been settled.

In a postscript to the book, he writes that "Soviet-backed Vietnamese expansionism, if left unchecked, may well trigger a Third World War." It is a useful warning, but it is unlikely to be heeded in the West until the myths about the war in Vietnam are dispelled. Sihanouk himself is enslaved to these myths, even as he refutes them with the evidence of his own experience. He remains, therefore, a confused and confusing personality who is unable to salvage from the demise of his country the moral clarity which the world needs and which he, as the spokesman for his tortured people, could offer. □

John P. Sisk

BEINGS OF GOOD CHEER

What the human potential movement could learn from Dale Carnegie.

I note that 43 years after it was a best-seller in America, Dale Carnegie's *How To Make Friends And Influence People* has been serialized, as edited by Russian censors, in a Soviet magazine for managers. This is a startling development, though it might be less startling if we knew what the censors took out. If anyone is a symbol of the ethos of a bourgeois, profit-oriented society it is Carnegie, whom Sinclair Lewis called the Bard of Babbittry. What one expects from the Russians is something like *Pravda*'s recent attack on that ethos as it is displayed in California, a "classic textbook example" of the "moral and social bankruptcy of bourgeois society" at the end of the twentieth century. If Carnegie had any doubts about California, he kept them to himself. California was the habitat of showmen, and showmen, he observed, "are ringing the cash registers."

Perhaps the editors of *Pravda* should have remembered that over 50 years ago their predecessors championed, against considerable opposition, the publication of Henry Ford's *My Life and Work*. Ford was himself a showman who, like Carnegie, had learned how to make the cash registers ring, and the Russians seem always to have been impressed with this kind of showmanship insofar as it represented a maximum exploitation of the material means of production. Perhaps their interest in Ford and Carnegie should be interpreted as a hankering after something they were denied: a capitalist phase in which the desire to make it big through the manipulation of other people would have been allowed free rein. If that is the case, the Russians have managed to disguise the hankering by presenting their Carnegie in humanitarian terms: as an aid to the manager's obligation to supervise people so as not "to leave in his wake a series of mutilated human lives."

But there may be more than this in the Russians' attraction to Carnegie. After all, they are in the same fix that we are: Their days of moral clarity and firmness of purpose are behind them. Erazim Kohák, writing in a recent *New Oxford Review*, notes that the mainspring of historical Marxism was the alliance of moral idealism and national aspirations. Carnegie never doubted that moral idealism and national aspiration could go together, any more than he doubted his capacity to give advice to married people. The cultural contradictions of capitalism that bother latter-day observers like Daniel Bell and Robert Heilbroner no more bothered him than the cultural contradictions of Marxism bothered the young British literary critic Christopher Caudwell. That is why reading Carnegie today is like revisiting the pastoral fictions of childhood. All that optimism and confidence, that absence of alienation, can be, even now, a bracing experience, if only briefly. He made many of us feel good about ourselves, all of a piece, and surely the Russians, tormented as they seem to be by the gap between public rhetoric and private fact, have the same need to feel good about themselves. Perhaps Carnegie can help them recapture the pristine Marxist vision in which such a gap is unthinkable. Conceivably, then, Carnegie might improve their morale to the point where they will be able to employ his techniques in selling themselves more effectively to us, so that Carnegie will indeed have come home to roost.

Since 1936, when *How To Win Friends And Influence People* first appeared, millions of Americans have either read Carnegie or taken his self-improvement courses or both. How many others who are convinced that he is the summation of all that is evil in American capitalism have

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themselves read him is hard to say. Perhaps not many. Carnegie is the sort of writer who by virtue of becoming part of the ethos of his time makes himself too accessible to his critics. The latter, sensing perhaps that he is only a sugarcoated version of Erich Fromm's marketing personality, tend to write him off as a vulgarization of success strategies that begin with Benjamin Franklin. In this view, the important thing is not whether the strategies produce results but the wickedness of their being practiced at all.

Nevertheless, Carnegie deserves to be read at least once, even by those who know all about him without having read him, and now is as good a time as any. In *The American Idea of Success,* Richard Huber identifies Carnegie's big book as the founding document of the personality ethic, as distinguished from (if retaining connections with) the earlier character and mind-power ethics. With its employment of a relatively simple psychology as a means to the surefire and even magical development of the latent potential of the personality, the personality ethic is a proper introduction to the human potential movement, although most human potential people, bemused as they are with the magic of an equally simplistic psychology, would probably consider it scandalously mercenary and hypocritical. The pace of his masterwork is just right for an age that wants quick conversion experiences (the title of Lowell Thomas's introduction is "A Short Cut to Success"). It expresses our distaste for such success as may come from a self-transcending subordination to duty or from the hard and long-practiced asceticism of the character ethic. Most likely, if the Russians could read the uncensored Carnegie he would express their distaste with an official character ethic they are all too familiar with, an ethic that couldn't care less about the latent potential and creaturely demands of their personalities.

II

The fact is that Carnegie made a lot of money with his books and his self-improvement courses because they work. As a result of them countless people have overcome their self-doubts, have been able to organize their energies, and have gone on to achieve success previously undreamt of. No doubt, in the process of succeeding many became anything but models of humanistic integrity, and so made themselves fat targets for cultural malcontents and literary intellectuals (who have all too often been anything but clear in their own minds about the nature of true success). Carnegie, as one might have expected, was not much bothered by such possibilities. His assumption was that to succeed in any environment you had to believe that success was both possible and worthwhile, that, in short, you had to be optimistic about your chances for success, and that we all have a fund of optimism that can be drawn on if the right techniques are applied.

In this he was in accord with Lionel Tiger's recent book, *Optimism: The Biology of Hope.* "Making optimistic symbols and anticipating optimistic outcomes of undecided situations are as much a part of human nature—of the human biology—as are the shape of the body, the growth of children, and zest for sexual pleasure," he says. We have such a brain that "neither the consciousness of mortality nor a cold sense of human frailty depresses our belief in desirable futures," and, if this were not so, civilization and culture would be impossible. Even our gullibility "may reveal our human capability to draw on unusual reserves of energy and skill."

It is appropriate, but probably not very important, that Tiger looks as radiantly optimistic on the wrapper of his book as Carnegie did on his. What is important is that one can find in Tiger all of Carnegie's basic assumptions plus one, which if it is present in Carnegie is so far behind the scene that it can almost be ignored. This is Tiger's assumption that in a strictly realistic perspective there is no basis for optimism whatever. What amazes and heartens him is what amazes and heartens Robert Louis Stevenson in his essay "Aes Triplex": that, as the latter puts it, a man's heart can be so "bound with triple brass" that he can "stop his ears against paralyzing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind." And like Tiger, Stevenson is an ironic optimist, well aware of how exploitable is the human capacity for optimism.

During the past two decades there has been no lack of indications that the human capacity for optimism is, as Tiger says, as basic as the capacity for sex. Let us only remember the rosy expectations that have centered around scientology, biofeedback, Rolfing, transcendental meditation, macrobiotic foods, encounter therapy, vitamin C, open marriage, faith healing, assertiveness training, Woodstock, psychocybernetics, magic weekends at Esalen or Sandstone, yoga, natural foods, androgyny, LSD, marijuana, communal living, swinging, consciousness raising, and oriental holy men. Was there ever a time when the human need to feel optimistic about the future and to feel good about one's place and efforts in the total scheme of things was so catered to? A true pessimist, one might imagine, now needs himself to be bound in triple brass if he is to keep his low expectations.

At the same time, as we know, this smorgasbord of magic persons, places, programs, and objects has to be understood in relation to a pervasive condition of anxiety and low morale that results from one kind of alienation or another, from a lack of social cohesiveness, or from the inability of people to agree on desirable futures or to believe strongly in the possibility of any future whatever. The speed with which optimistic programs replace one another is itself demoralizing. "Ideas are floated, seized, tried out, amended, and dropped in more rapid succession than used to be the case," writes Bryan Wilson, a British student of millennial sects. In such conditions, quick success schemes like those of Glen W. Turner's "Dare To Be Great" in the early 1970s or Werner Erhard's more enduring *est* program are bound to proliferate. In a time when it is easy to believe that the individual is totally powerless and reality bewilderingly complex, if not ultimately inaccessible, it is heartening to think that in two weekend sessions one might become 100 percent responsible for everything in one's life, a

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life in which "Reality is simple, clear, black and white" and in which "What is is and what ain't ain't."

Here, in fact, we are in the clear and bracing world of the jogger. It is possible to believe that some joggers begin their avocation doggedly and skeptically, having been deceived by too many promises of salvation; but it is impossible to believe that practicing joggers are anything but optimistic. There is nothing like a rhythmic expenditure of physical energy if one wishes, even in a disheartening world, to feel good about oneself and induce images of desirable futures. The poet Blake was no jogger, but he knew that "Energy is eternal delight." In *Running and Being: The Total Experience,* Dr. George Sheehan, who can be almost as mystical as Blake, says: "We begin in the body and end in the Vision," and he also says that "this run, this day, may begin in delight and end in wisdom."

How all this can happen may not be clear to the non-jogger, who may have to bracket jogging with the placebo as one of those agencies that ought not produce the effect that it mysteriously does. Indeed, the placebo is one of the most dramatic indications that optimism has the biological roots that Tiger claims for it, and as might be expected, the placebo gets a good deal of attention in his book. If the human organism in its need to press toward a more desirable future has ways of turning sheer illusion to its advantage it is indeed bound in triple brass. Of course, for many researchers in the field this is far too negative a statement. As Norman Cousins has summarized their position in a *Saturday Review* article, "They believe that the placebo is powerful not because it 'fools' the body but because it translates the will to live into a physical reality." In this perspective, the gap between doctor and witch doctor is narrowed; in fact, Cousins ends his article with an account of the fruitful cooperation between Dr. Schweitzer and his African witch-doctor colleagues.

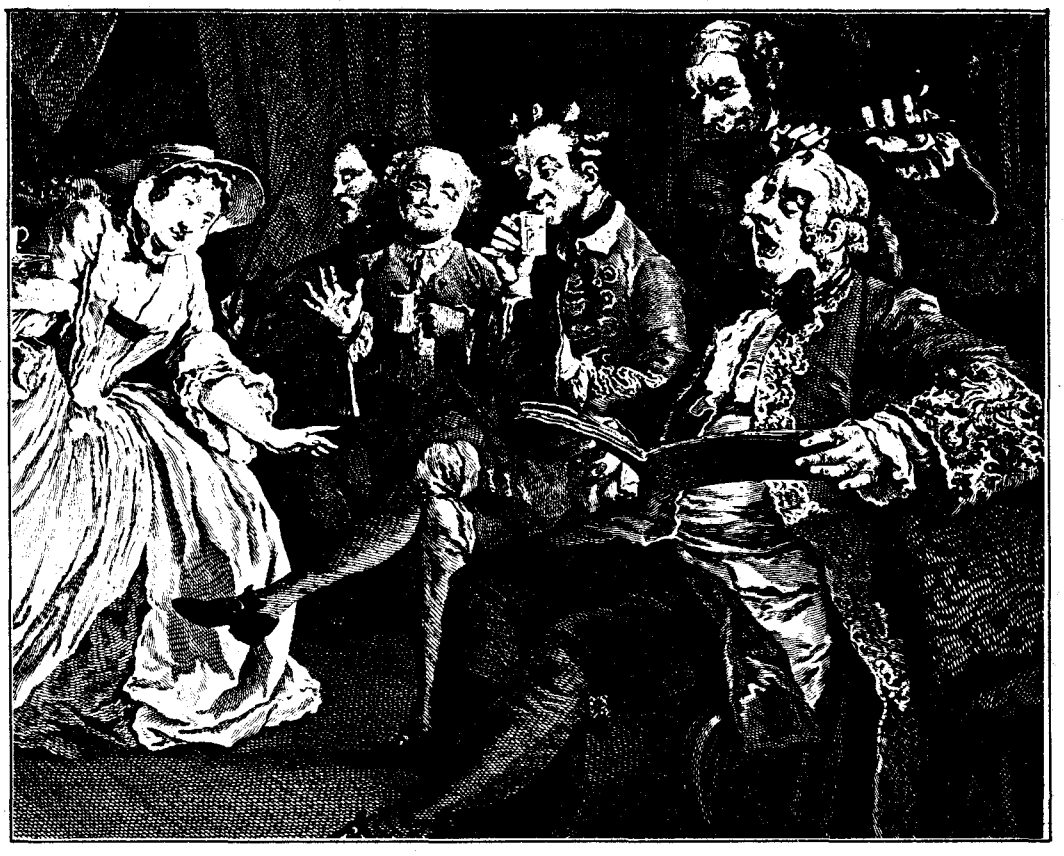
In short, when one is talking about incitements to optimism an unqualified skepticism is out of order. It is obvious that *est* works for some people, just as the Carnegie courses, Toastmasters, fencing, encounter sessions, therapeutic touching, and voodoo work for some people. Professor Tiger is surely right: The means of actualizing the human capacity for optimism are fortunately infinite, and all optimism is galvanizing. This is not to say that all means are of equal value humanistically or socially. The enterprises of Charles Manson and the Reverend Jim Jones generated a great deal of energy-galvanizing optimism; indeed, they remind one, as Tiger himself does, that on occasion pessimism may be our only salvation. Nor is there any reason to believe that "proven" quick success guarantees the durability of an optimism-raising program. Glen Turner, who hoped to be elected president in 1980 and to whom *Life* once devoted eleven pages, seems to have gone the way of the Edsel. Voodoo will probably outlast *est* as a means of inspiring its devotees with images of desirable futures; the descendants of Jean Dixon and Sybil Leek will likely be in business long after the last jogger has retired to Geritol and shuffleboard.

III

The problem with most optimism programs is that they suffer from either an excess of or a disillusionment with communality: Either they require a near total immersion of the self in a charismatic leader (Jones, Manson, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon) or they are dedicated to an ideal of near total self-sufficiency. In both cases the optimism and energy generated lack normal communal support and tend to wither on the vine. This is why both varieties of optimism-generating programs are great producers of disaffected and pessimistic people, who become conservative forces that help keep the extravagances of the remaining optimists in check.

Here is where Carnegie had a great advantage over Werner Erhard. The fact that literary intellectuals were almost unanimous in their hostility to the former seems not to have bothered him at all. He, as well as those who caught fire from him, never doubted that they were in the American grain, and that society not only applauded their efforts but was there to reinforce their optimism. Optimists nurtured in these conditions tend themselves to be bound in triple brass. Erhard, on the other hand, must supply optimism to people inclined to believe that society, if not civilization itself, is the enemy, that commitment to its programs is incompatible with personal integrity and fulfillment. The whole point to *est* conversion is optimistic existence on one's own terms, society's terms having been judged hypocritical and imprisoning. As the late Jean-Paul Sartre said of his own brand of existentialism, "there is no doctrine more optimistic since man's destiny is within himself." A cynic might nevertheless suspect that converts must be produced in a two-weekend crash program because of the likelihood that the conversion would not otherwise survive the process designed to produce it.

What we have in *est* then, and in so many of the morale-raising programs of the past two decades, is an optimism of desperation which has as its object the survival of the more or less narcissistic individual rather than the survival of a society or nation or culture. In fact, the human potential movement is everywhere informed by the conviction, once the exclusive property of an avant-garde, that society is a tissue of lies, evasions, and hypocrisies, that the only attitude warranted about its future is a pessimistic one, that authentic life lies elsewhere, and that the very painfulness of that life may itself be a sign of its authenticity. No one could be more inauthentic (or less likely to survive in an encounter session) than Carnegie Man. His very impulse to get along with other people (which once could be seen as an expression of the sociability without which optimism could have no roots) would be a sign of his self-abnegating hypocrisy.



The proper heroes for the optimism of desperation are Dostoevsky's Underground Man and Alceste of Molière's "The Misanthrope," who express the spirit of anti-hypocrisy. This spirit is the subject of Judith Shklar's brilliant essay, "Let Us Not

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Be Hypocritical" (*Daedalus,* Summer, 1979), in which Alceste, who absolutely refuses to falsify his heart's affections, "is the archetype of the moral oppressor." Mrs. Shklar's final judgment is that the society in which we live "is superior to its known alternatives . . . and could hardly survive without hypocrisy." To learn from her why this judgment is anything but the naive Carnegieism that it might superficially resemble is to learn truths about this society that it is dangerous to ignore.

Mrs. Shklar distinguishes between those attacks on hypocrisy upon which any society depends, since they call attention to the discrepancies between its professed values and its actual practice, and the attacks of those who, as the sole instructors of their own hyperactive and tyrannical consciences, make sincerity (really, their passion for moral domination) their central virtue. The result in society is a mixture of anarchy and convention that "makes the interplay between hypocrisy and anti-hypocrisy extremely intense."

It is difficult in a short space to do justice to Mrs. Shklar's complex and subtle argument, but one can extract from her essay characteristics of anti-hypocrisy that have become all too familiar in the post-World War II world: its hostility to social, political, moral, and religious conventions, to all established orders, since by their very nature they disguise the enormous gap, not simply between professed values and actual practices, but between professed values and authentic impulses. Ironically, as Mrs. Shklar points out, liberal governments have only magnified the gap between promise and performance, so that "liberalism is accused of hypocrisy more frequently by its friends than its enemies." Thus we have the familiar adversary culture, the legacy of Alceste (and, one might add, of Shakespeare's Iago and Timon), in which every social fabric is a conspiracy of insincerity: an anti-placebo culture in which by now *est* converts and Sandstone sybarites are as much at home as Sartre and novelists like Thomas Pynchon, E.L. Doctorow, and Robert Coover.

In such a culture the biological roots of optimism may seem to be suffering a very dry season. Nevertheless, the institution of anti-hypocrisy has had behind it from its beginning a moralistic and optimistic rationale: the Enlightenment's dauntless pursuit of the truth, "the highest of human obligations," says Mrs. Shklar, "upon which all human improvement depends." It was thus possible for anti-hypocrites to engage intransigently and optimistically with hypocrites in a melodrama of triumph. But the hopes of a truth-pursuing liberalism have not been realized; on the contrary, she points out, "the free competition of moral ideas did not reduce either censoriness, politics, or hypocrisy," but enhanced them. The pursuit of the truth, it began to seem, did not have a future after all, and, in proportion as this appeared to be the case, the drama of the engagement of anti-hypocrites with hypocrites tended to become an end in itself. In much the same way, once American Marxist attackers of the spirit of Carnegieism had lost confidence in the Marxist vision of the future there was not much left for them but a compulsive (often nihilistic) engagement with the hypocrisies of middle-class society. And this, of course, was becoming a cultural recreation for the middle class as well.

Indeed, nothing has been so destructive to the necessary optimism of the sons of Alceste as the doubt about the future of the pursuit of truth. As George Steiner puts it in the first annual Bronowski Lecture,* "for the first time in man's history there is a new and total challenge to the ideal of the hunt after pure, absolute truth." Steiner fills us with apprehension about the real nature of that Utopia the vision of which compels the Western commitment to absolute thought. The pursuit of truth against hypocrisy and bad faith, "be it at the cost of good sense, of social utility, of economic benefit, of life itself," may not be supported by a law of progress after all, in which case the occupation of Mrs. Shklar's anti-hypocrite may be a very precarious one. It may be necessary for the sincerest of men to agree, in the interests of survival, on boundaries or off-limit zones—to pretend, in other words, to be content with less than the ultimate truth. This possibility is especially disturbing, in Steiner's view, because of the obsessive nature of the pursuit that has been clear from its start in Greece. "The search for truth is predatory," he says. "It is a literal hunt, a conquest." All too often it has been fanatically, hubristically, and idolatrously opposed to important elements in the Judeo-Christian tradition, so that its Alceste-like inclination is to see that tradition as a crippling structure of bad faith.

Steiner makes one wonder about the consequences for Western civilization if it cannot learn to be satisfied with a moral equivalent for this kind of predation. Certainly it is conceivable that in such explosive circumstances we might have to place the highest priority on getting along with one another, so that something like Carnegieism will be indispensable if the roots of optimism are not to be cut away from their sustaining soil. In other words, we may be discovering (as the Russians may be discovering) that there was a humanizing strain in Carnegie all along, that part of his function was to ameliorate and socialize, even if by means of naive hypocrisies, what would otherwise have been a dehumanizing condition of competitiveness. In those grim depression years he may have been as important to national morale as Hollywood musical comedies. From Alceste's Puritan point of view, of course, it is just as intolerable that such escapist means should be used to such sorry ends as it is to let sick people believe that their placebos are authentic medicine lest the truth keep them from being cured.

But all this is to assume that the anti-hypocrites are absolutely without resources once there is serious doubt about the possibility of an intransigent pursuit of the truth. They may (as they have been doing for some time) shift their energies to the pursuit of the truth about the pursuit of the truth. Now the optimistic hypocrites are those who naively believe that there is no gap between the structure of their lives

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and the structure of reality, who do not know—who dare not know—that what they take to be reality is a culturally imposed fiction. Anti-hypocrites have always felt at home attacking fictions. Disguised as modernists, and exuberant with the conviction that to cultivate aesthetic sensibility was to ride the wave of the future, they were once capable of optimistic bursts of energy as they attacked what they took to be the hypocritical fictions of middle-class society.

But as modernism gave way to post-modernism this faith was revealed to be bad faith after all, itself only a fiction. Pessimism and nihilism became the only authentic responses, the problem being, as Mrs. Shklar points out, that in proportion as one congratulates oneself on the integrity of these responses one risks becoming simply another kind of hypocrite, whose self-made hell is the intolerable burden of the faults of other people. It is not surprising that in this exigency some anti-hypocrites find a substitute for optimistic visions of the future not in pastoral enclaves of total honesty but in literary images of the occult, the fantastic, the absurd, the obscene, and the pornographic. Nor is it surprising that, having found society's institutions too impure to commit themselves to but having lost faith in their traditional adversary role, they discover in themselves and indulge a playboy's capacity for cultural freeloading.

IV

Carnegie would have defined hypocrisy differently from Alceste but he did not doubt that it was a bad thing, no more to be encouraged than the study of Latin. Nor, like the Soviets in their salad days, did he have any crippling doubt about the nature of reality and its benevolent disposition toward well-disposed human beings. He once taught a course in fiction writing at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Letters, but it surely never occurred to him that he was writing fiction when he wrote his big book. He obviously thought of himself as standing at the end of a long line of congenial optimists from whom he liked to quote when he could catch them in useful moments: Confucius, Lao-Tse, Mustapha Kemal, Franklin, Emerson, Longfellow, Lincoln, William James, Harry Overstreet, Eldred Hubbard, Lowell Thomas. It would never have occurred to him to quote F. Scott Fitzgerald's belief that behind all great careers is "the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not 'happiness and pleasure' but the deeper satisfactions that come out of the struggle." In these words there is no faith in quick success (which Fitzgerald at this point in his career had had and lost); rather, they suggest a pessimistic version of what was once called "true success," which might be defined as a strategy, just as unacceptable to Marx as to Carnegie, for making do without any worldly success whatever.

Behind Fitzgerald's words (written to his daughter the year the first paperback edition of Carnegie's book appeared) is his own discovery of the illusion of the American dream, and his own sense that in America hypocrisy and optimism are inseparably joined. He had come a long way from that "heightened sensitivity," that "gift for hope and romantic readiness" with which he had endowed his Jay Gatsby, and which, in spite of his early premonitions of disaster, had once been characteristics of himself as well. He had come back, in fact, to that pneumatic mattress upon which the disillusioned Gatsby was floating when he was murdered.

Fitzgerald's constant theme, the discovery of illusion, was subsequently proven out in the lives of those American Communists who, in spite of their gifts for hope and romantic readiness, have been left floating on their own pneumatic mattresses —so that Gatsby's death-ship becomes in a post-modernist symbolism a true ship of fools. But in this condition—if we remember the preoccupation with disillusionment in Melville, Twain, Stephen Crane, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Steinbeck, O'Neill, and Sinclair Lewis—they could not have been more American. Understandably, then, the demoralized sons of Alceste have often argued that what Americans lack above all is a tragic sense, by which they generally mean a sense that life is indeed essentially a cheat, that its conditions are those of defeat, and that the highest and grimmest wisdom is to be found in the recognition of our common victimization. In this view the ideal tragedy is "Death of a Salesman," interpreted as a play about an Everyman figure who in the nature of things is utterly without resources and utterly immune to the most powerful placebos.

But this is tragedy only as we have come to demand it, largely as a validation of our refusal to be beguiled by those optimistic impulses that are so important to Stevenson, Carnegie, and Tiger. Traditionally, however, tragedy has been optimistic in its celebration of victory in defeat, of the worth of the human effort, and in its expectation of a payoff that more than compensates for immediate loss. The greatest tragedies incline us to entertain visions of desirable futures: Reason and order are better for having been tested against passion and will; spirit is less absolute for having been tested against flesh; community is healthier for having overcome apparently terminal diseases. "Tragedy," writes Joseph Wood Krutch, "is essentially an expression, not of despair but of triumph over despair and of confidence in the value of human life." It is comedy, especially now, that is likely to be pessimistic, however socially indispensable it may be because of its expression of the impulse to tolerate and civilize. Comedy, writes Eugene Ionesco with modern comedy in mind, "is a feeling of absurdity and seems more hopeless than tragedy; comedy allows no way out of a given situation."

Perhaps those Soviets who have hopefully imported Carnegie are seeking a way out of their given situation. But there is no way out for Alceste, whose last words are:

> I'll flee this bitter world where vice is king,
> And seek some spot unpeopled far apart
> Where I'll be free to have an honest heart.

In this kind of Utopia, optimism and tragedy are equally inconceivable. If Alceste ever managed to find it he might have to take up jogging to keep from being bored to death. □

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Walter Berns

THE CORPORATION'S SONG

Book and lyrics by Hobbes, Locke, and Madison. Music by Mobil Oil?

It may be a rule of democracy that the larger the business corporation, the poorer its public image, especially when events conspire to focus the public's attention on the product or service it provides. At first glance there appears to be little the corporation can do about this. Better "public relations," as that trade is understood by its practitioners, will surely not solve the problems of the nuclear power industry, for example, or improve the public's opinion of the major oil companies.

The oil companies especially are pariahs right now. Jane Fonda has no trouble arousing crowds with her shrill cries of their "obscene profits" and criminal conspiracies, and young Joseph P. Kennedy III, Bobby's son, made his political debut with a speech accusing them of "squeezing" the poor and (through their subsidiary coal companies) killing miners, polluting rivers, and causing "terrible life-taking floods." His uncle, the Senator, wants to prevent oil company mergers because, he says, the political power of large corporations threatens our political institutions and even democracy itself. The typical motorist may know nothing about that, but he does know about gasoline lines, and rather than blame the government's regulatory policies, which are the real cause of his problem, he mutters imprecations against the oil companies. Organized labor, which ought to know better, calls for their nationalization.

So powerful is the hostility toward the oil companies that the President, who is by no means bashful when it comes to planting kisses on Mr. Brezhnev's cheeks, refuses to be photographed with the chief executive officers of Gulf, Mobil, and other oil companies, even though the occasion would call for no more than a perfunctory handshake. For the same reason, Secretary of State Vance was never heard to say of Mr. Carter and the president of Exxon or Texaco what he once said of Mr. Carter and Mr. Brezhnev, namely, that they "share similar dreams and aspirations." "We must stand firm," Mr. Carter told the National Conference on State Legislatures in March, "resist political pressures and tell the truth"; and with this he lit into Mobil Oil. When it comes to whipping boys, there's no business like the oil business, although, if it's large enough, any business will do.

Corporation bashing, then, is both painless and rewarding—in the famous words of Huey Long, "Corporations are the finest political enemies in the world." It is painless because, rather than retaliate, corporate executives are now inclined to apologize when they show a profit and become aggressive only when, like Chrysler, their companies face bankruptcy; and rewarding because it satisfies the strongest passion in the soul of a democratic people: the hatred of inequality. We may think that what best characterizes democracy is the love of liberty, but, as Tocqueville warned us at more or less the beginning of the democratic era, while democratic communities have a "natural taste for liberty," their passion for equality is much stronger. It is, he said, "ardent, insatiable, incessant, invincible." What is more, it constitutes the principal threat to liberty. Democratic communities may, he said, call for equality in liberty, but, if they cannot obtain it, "they still call for equality in slavery."

Of course, this has not yet happened in America, for reasons that are reflected in a story Abner Mikva enjoys telling. Running for reelection to the House of Representatives in 1972, he frequently found himself embarrassed by some of the radical egalitarian policies advocated by the head of his ticket, George McGovern. One working man, encountered at a factory gate with hard hat and lunch pail, told him he would not vote for any Democrat that year. "Why not?" asked Mikva, somewhat incredulously. Because of McGovern's "soak the rich" tax proposals, he was told. Since this blue-collar worker scarcely resembled his idea of a member of the idle rich, Mikva said (after appropriate apologies for his presumption): "But you won't be hit by *those* taxes." To which the worker replied: "No, but my kids might be!"

A very American reply, that, and precisely the sort of reply the Framers of the Constitution sought to elicit from future generations. Like Tocqueville, they recognized the strength of the passion for equality—they referred to it as "democratic envy"—and the Constitution they wrote was designed to protect us from it, specifically from the "factions" that an envious majority would be likely to form. In the words of James Madison, the *first* object of government is "the protection of different and unequal faculties of acquiring property." Unequal faculties combined with equal right would issue in unequal acquisition, and Madison and his colleagues were, for reasons that I shall in due course explain, anxious to protect this right from those who had not acquired

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much, or who had not *yet* acquired much.

Under their Constitution, the free market economy has provided unprecedented opportunites for material advancement, thereby serving to temper this passion for equality among us, and our carefully designed political and legal institutions have, on the whole and thus far, succeeded in controlling it when it broke through the economic and social constraints. McGovern might have learned something about this in 1972.

Now this passion for equality threatens to overwhelm us: Programs to provide welfare have become programs with the avowed purpose of redistributing income; equal opportunity has come to mean equal results; intelligence tests have been declared unconstitutional by a federal court. In such a setting it is not hard to understand why corporations are disliked and distrusted, and why it is so utterly painless for the politicians, in Washington and Hollywood alike, to inveigh against them. Corporations are big, and to be big is to be unequal and thus, in a democracy, sinister. They can point to their economic achievements and claim, truthfully, that most of the benefits of their activity flow to the consumer, but the Naderites can respond with the pious adage that man does not live by bread alone. Under socialism, whatever its economic follies, there will be much talk about brotherhood and new forms of "meaningful" work, and no one will *appear* to be unequal. That is what counts. And that, to put it simply, is one reason why the large business corporations are unpopular: They cannot rid themselves of the stigma that democracy attaches to their size and—Chrysler again excepted—their profits.

Their efforts to do so have failed because they labor under a severe rhetorical handicap: Business corporations exist to make money, and money-making is the most prosaic of activities. By the political philosophers whose thought underlies the founding of the modern money-making (or bourgeois) state this was understood to be an advantage. A prosaic politics, it was thought, would be a peaceful politics. If men were to forgo their notions of heaven and glory (and the activities connected with such "life styles") and concentrate instead on improving their material conditions, they would not be so likely to get into arguments with their neighbors (and life might then cease to be "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short").

In its modern, institutionalized form, to which we give the name political economy, money-making derives from John Locke's substitution of *comfortable* preservation for Thomas Hobbes's *mere* preservation as the purpose of human life; but the substitution does little or nothing to conceal the meanness or vulgarity of its principle. What is being pursued is still *self*-preservation. (Macaulay, writing 150 to 200 years later, and from a perspective that was not unfriendly to modernity, saw this as well as anyone. The aim of ancient philosophy, he said, was to raise us far above vulgar wants, whereas the aim of the modern—that is, the 17th-century—philosophy was to satisfy our vulgar wants. "The former was noble," he said, "but the latter was attainable.") As a way of life, self-preservation, even of the Lockean sort, is unpoetic, by which I mean it is incapable of inspiring poetry or poetic speech. This is why it is impossible to write even a play or novel—to say nothing of a poem in the strict sense—about business. Of course it has been tried, but what results is banal: No one cares whether the fictional salesman makes his sale, and no one with any sense or sensibility cares how or where or, indeed, whether he dies.

Poetry's subjects are love, family, war, justice, heroic deeds, and even what we vaguely call "nature," which is to say, unselfish things. Great choral music can be written about God (which is why almost all of it is liturgical in form, and why almost all of it was written before we modern men "depopulated Heaven," as Tocqueville put it). Novels can be about justice and injustice; drama can treat crime and punishment; dance can portray love, both requited and unrequited. Lincoln, probably our greatest poet, could utter immortal lines on the eve of a civil war—"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature"—but even Lincoln would not be able to write lines of equal beauty about hospital insurance or the virtues of a free-market economy. In short, to speak metaphorically myself, it is just not possible to "sing" about everything. Specifically it is not possible to "sing" about self-preservation—even of a comfortable sort—or about the institutions, such as the business corporation, organized to promote it.

Business (busyness) is about money-making; it involves not gods, heroes, or lovers, but self-interested persons, and self-interested persons cannot supply models for poetry in any of its forms. The speech of a business corporation, to the extent that it is not simply commercial advertising, typically deals with money-making or its cognates, such as comfort or economic efficiency, or is used to compare the material abundance available through the free-market economy with the queues in the Soviet Union or the rationing in socialist Britain. What it says may be true—indeed, is true—but such prosaic speech is not capable of arousing any audience (who even reads the Mobil Oil ads?), and is certainly not capable of arousing the passions of a people that is already comfortable and adequately insured and a large part of which, being characterized by yearnings it cannot define or even identify, is looking around for causes to engage its unused energies.

Unfortunately for the corporations, it is possible to "sing" against business, and it is not necessary to possess the genius of a Molière to do it. All that is required is the ability to contrive a dramatic situation in which the principle of business—self-interest or the "profit motive"—can be shown to have ugly aspects. The recent film, *The China Syndrome,* demonstrates how readily this can be done. No doubt it requires a suspension of disbelief to accept the possibility that anyone—whatever his business—is willing to risk a nuclear holocaust rather than forgo his profits, but once that is done we have a situation that can be set to music. Businessmen are selfish; their opponents, whatever their vocations, are selfless (Ralph Nader accepts only a subsistence salary; Jerry Brown sleeps on a straw pallet, rather like St. Francis; Jane Fonda is an ununited fund of generosity). Not only are they selfless, they are heroic: At great "risk" to themselves, they fight for justice for all mankind. And one can "sing" about justice.

These things—the hatred of inequality and the rhetorical advantage enjoyed by the enemies of big business—explain why the large corporations are on the defensive,

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even when they don't deserve to be, and why it is so painless for the politicians and others to accuse and abuse them. It also explains why in the public at large there is such a fertile field waiting to be plowed by the anti-corporation professors in the universities. Yale's C.E. Lindblom is currently the most successful of these.

In his recent book, *Politics and Markets,* which is said to be the immediate inspiration for Senator Kennedy's various anti-merger bills, Lindblom says flatly that the large private business corporation is incompatible with "democratic theory and vision." What is relevant here is not that he fails to sustain this serious charge, but that he has to concede that every democratic country (there still are a few) has a market-oriented economy. Instead of pondering this interesting and perhaps significant fact, and drawing the conclusion to which it would appear to lead, he tries to persuade us that corporations control not only the politicians but the media and the entire educational system (including, presumably, Yale University and the American Political Science Association of which he is President). This is, of course, absurd, and could easily be shown to be absurd. The point to be made here, however, is that if there is some sort of a connection between democracy and the free-market economy, or between political and economic liberty, it is important that business corporations come to understand it. For, if the connection exists, they *do* have something to "sing" about, namely, free government and justice at a time when there is precious little of either in this world.

The Framers of the Constitution understood this connection. Madison was not thinking primarily of profits and material comforts when he wrote that passage about the first object of government being the protection of unequal faculties of acquiring property; rather, he was thinking of the means by which free government might be achieved. Nor was Adam Smith concerned primarily with opulent dinners when, in the course of elaborating the features of the capitalist system built on the principle of self-interest, he made his famous statement to the effect that we owe our dinners not to the "benevolence" of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, but to "their regard to their own interests." Smith, too, was concerned with the conditions of political liberty; he was, after all, a professor of moral philosophy, not of economics. Nor, to trace the principle back to the seventeenth century and the man who discovered it, was John Locke exalting a life of luxury when he argued that a "wise and godlike" prince would abolish all legal and customary restrictions on acquisitiveness. Acquisitiveness, or greed, to give it the ugly name it used to bear, or covetousness, instead of being regarded as one of the seven mortal sins, as it was in Christian doctrine, would in this new world provide one of the foundations of the free political order. Private vice equals public virtue, as Mandeville formulated the principle.

The most obvious (but not the most important) consequence of this "unleashing of greed" would be the increase of material goods available to the nation adopting the principle; to employ the title of Smith's famous book, the wealth of nations would constantly increase. As Locke argued in his *Second Treatise,* God's original bounty was nothing compared with the abundance possible under a properly organized political economy insuring the right of unlimited acquisition. Locke, one might say, was the first anti-environmentalist: Nature conquered or subdued would be infinitely more benevolent than nature ruling.

But for Locke as well as for Smith and Madison, and others of this school, wealth was not the end. It was the means to the end of political liberty. As Irving Kristol pointed out in a *Wall Street Journal* column last November, pre-modern political philosophers regarded democracy as an inherently unstable and therefore undesirable form of government. They were led to this conclusion not because of prejudice but because, on the basis of experience, they believed that the majority, being poor, "would always use its power to expropriate the wealth of the more affluent minority, and that this would lead (as it always had) to economic chaos, followed by political chaos, followed by the restoration of order by a dictator."

What changed the attitude of political philosophers was the emergence of modern capitalism, with its promise of economic growth—of an economic system in which everyone could improve his condition without having to do so at someone else's expense. It is because this promise of economic growth has been kept that democratic politics has survived in the United States, in Western Europe, more recently in Japan. . . . It is the expectation of tomorrow's bigger pie, from which everyone will receive a larger slice, that prevents people from fighting to the bitter end over the division of today's pie.

As a brief statement of a complex matter, that can scarcely be improved upon, except by pointing out that, while capitalism may be responsible for the change of attitude of those "political philosophers" who followed its emergence, its emergence depended on the new political philosophy that preceded it.

Before selfishness could be seen as a virtue, someone had to argue persuasively that it was not a vice; to show that it was not a vice, someone had to argue persuasively that it was in accord with nature; to show that it was in accord with nature, someone had to undermine the contrary teachings of the theologians; and to undermine the teachings of the theologians (and with them the authority of the established churches), someone had to argue persuasively against the very possibility of miracles, on which the authority of the churches depended. No capitalist, not even the first of the Rockefellers, could do this. The treatises against miracles were written by Hobbes, Spinoza, Locke, in short, by the political philosophers who paved the way for the commercial society and capitalism.

To recount the history in another form (and with an apology for its crudeness), it was the 17th-century political philosopher Thomas Hobbes who argued, drawing an "inference" from his psychological study of the human passions, that man is by nature *not* a social being; that he is selfish and moved by a vanity that leads him relentlessly to seek power over other men, so that by nature "every man is enemy to every man"; that men have rights, but that, because of this enmity, these rights are insecure in the state of nature; that "to secure these rights"—and here I use the familiar language of the Declaration of Independence—government must be instituted; and that the institution of government requires all men to yield their natural rights to an absolute sovereign who will secure them by preserving the peace, and preserve the peace by keeping all men "in awe."

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It was Hobbes who was persuaded—and who first persuaded those who mattered—that it was useless to preach that men ought to respect the rights of others, or that they should love their neighbors as they love themselves, or that they should model themselves on the Good Samaritan. As he saw it, preaching morality was part of the problem. For every Good Samaritan produced by preaching there were a hundred religious zealots (Archbishop Laud, George Jeffreys, Oliver Cromwell—Hobbes's time was terrorized by such men) eager to do unto others what they understood God wanted done to them, but disagreeing as to what God wanted done. To Hobbes, then, peace and security for rights depended on purging men of their fear of "the power of spirits invisible," which fear caused them to do terrible things on this earth, and replacing it with the fear of a very visible, temporal, and absolute sovereign, the Leviathan. To it men would yield their rights which it would secure by keeping the peace. The Leviathan was to be a substitute for moral teaching, or for old-fashioned (but ineffectual) morality.

And it was John Locke who, accepting Hobbes's premises concerning the nature of man, found the way to avoid his political conclusions. Channel the passions and energies of men into safe activities, Locke said, where they will compete not for dominion over others, not for glory, not for the blessings promised by competing gods, not for those things that cannot be shared, but (in Kristol's terms) for a larger slice of a bigger pie, and bigger precisely because an enterprise inspired by the hope for more and more will produce more and more. When this happens, the Leviathan can become more or less invisible; that is to say, it can leave men alone, at liberty. The Leviathan, now become the modern liberal state, will not attempt to impose its understanding of happiness on its citizens—in fact, it does not claim to know what happiness is—but will respect each man's natural right to pursue the happiness that he defines for himself. It will respect his privacy because it will not have to fear how he uses it, or what he does in private. This is what is meant by the formulation "capitalism for freedom."

If then, Hobbes's Leviathan was to be a substitute for morality, Locke's commercial society was intended as a substitute for the Leviathan and, therefore, a more benign substitute for morality.

Madison, the principal author of our Constitution, understood this kind of reasoning perfectly. He knew that an American, like any other man, was inclined to unite with others only for selfish reasons and only for the purpose of advancing his interests. As readers of *Federalist 10* know, Madison referred to those groupings of selfish men as factions, and he argued that popular government was impossible without a solution to the problem they presented. Remove their causes? It was useless to think of that; their causes are "sown in the nature of man." Control their effects? Yes, but "we well know that neither moral nor religious motives can be relied on as an adequate control."

But factions could be controlled in a properly structured system, according to Madison, one that, among its other features, protected the equal right of everyone (however unequally endowed) to acquire property. In the large commercial republic, the animosity of factions would become the competition of interests, and this competition would be peaceful because, all of them prospering to a greater or lesser extent, the various factions would recognize a common interest in the preservation of a system—or better, of a Constitution—that secures everyone's right to prosper and, more importantly, to live as free men. The connection between economic and political liberty is one of the premises of the Constitution. It is this that the corporation should understand.

I know very well that the modern multinational corporation is a far cry from the sort of economic interest Madison had in mind. I also know it is fashionable in some quarters to remark the growing similarities among all modern industrial states—their materialism, bureaucratization, alienation, and vulgarity. But what matters, surely, are their dissimilarities, and these continue to exist.

As in other countries, the public realm continues to expand in America, and the control of it is increasingly centralized in Washington, which regulates our businesses, fixes our prices, buses our children, sets our quotas, and prescribes our diets as well as our medicines; but it does not yet command our minds or souls. There is still, as there has always been in this country, a private realm, described by private rights and defended by private institutions. What matters, finally, is not that these private institutions are more efficient or that they are capable of producing the wealth that can be distributed privately, or even publicly. What matters is the realm of privacy itself. As Werner J. Dannhauser has said so well, the private realm is one in which we can tend to the salvation of our own souls. As he put it: "Its existence makes corruption voluntary to an appreciable degree; and it does seem that the security and extent of that realm constitutes a more decisive difference between western liberal democracies and communist states than [the critic of America] acknowledges."

Coming to understand all this will probably not allow business corporations to mount a more effective public relations campaign (book and lyrics by John Locke, Adam Smith, and James Madison, yes; but music by Mobil's Herb Schmertz?). But when they know, really know, that on their continued viability as private institutions depends the continued viability of liberal democracy in America (and, therefore, in the world), they may have greater reason to act in a fashion that makes it easier for their friends to defend them. And the sad fact is that Ralph Nader has not always been wrong. It is not simply that business corporations have, as Adam Smith complained, "both deceived and oppressed" the public, preferring their profits to the public's interests. They have on too many occasions demonstrated that Smith knew what he was talking about when he said they would be inclined to prefer their profits to their country and to the principles they profess so sanctimoniously when it costs them nothing to do so. Thus, as Lenin predicted they would, our industrialists sell the Soviets the rope with which they intend to hang us. The most damning charge against business corporations was not leveled by Ralph Nader but by Vladimir Bukovsky, the Soviet dissident. The handcuffs the Soviets snapped over his wrists, he points out, bore the stamp: "Made in the U.S.A."

Corporations do have something to "sing" about, then. But before they begin to rehearse their new act, or ask their friends to do it for them, they will have to clean up their old one. □

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John Nollson

DREAM TICKETS

Life was simpler in the early days of the Republic when presidential candidates did not have running mates. Everybody just ran for president. If you came in first, you became the chief magistrate; if you came in second, you became the vice president. Naturally, all candidates wished to finish either first or third. Nobody wanted to be vice president at all, especially after the first vice president, John Adams, called the job the most insignificant office ever devised by the mind of man. Moreover, this system produced presidents of one party and vice presidents of another, a very unstable arrangement.

When George Washington decided not to run for a third term, the political process was thrown into confusion. John Adams had the Federalist nomination sewn up long before the convention, but he needed a running mate. Naturally, his first choice was the former, or soon to be former, president, George Washington himself. Adams thought that having a former president on the ticket as his vice-presidential running mate would aid his chances. Washington thought about it for a while but decided to return to land speculation.

When it was Thomas Jefferson's turn to run for president, he tried to unify the country by persuading former president Adams, a Federalist, to accept the second spot on the Anti-Federalist ticket. Adams thought about it, and then became very angry, thinking that he had somehow been insulted. He retired to Quincy in a huff, and did not speak to Jefferson again for about 20 years. Then they began to write letters to one another. Jefferson was quick to point out that he had been elected president, even though Adams had refused to be his running mate.

Ulysses S. Grant tried to get former president Andrew Johnson, a Democrat, to come out of retirement and accept second place on a GOP ticket headed by old Unconditional Surrender himself. Complex negotiations ensued, but the deal could not be made. Grant was so upset that he spent most of his time as president working on his famous memoirs.

Historians have long wondered how Woodrow Wilson, whom everyone knew to be a pompous bore, managed to win the presidency in 1912. The fault, so it seems, lies with former president Theodore Roosevelt, who refused to accept the V.P. designation on the GOP ticket headed by William Howard Taft—who weighed more than 300 pounds. Not only did T.R. refuse, but he was so incensed at having been asked to perform this demeaning chore that he ran for the presidency himself. On the other hand, there was Calvin Coolidge, who did not choose to run for president in 1924, nor did he choose to be Warren Harding's running mate either.

One interesting sidelight on the 1936 Republican convention was Alf Landon's effort to get former president Herbert Hoover to run with him for vice president. Hoover, so newly discovered documents reveal, was more than willing. Landon's closest advisers had to talk the Kansan out of it. The advisers thought that Hoover was so unpopular that he would cost votes. Landon, ever a realist, believed that he wouldn't do any worse even if he had the Great Engineer by his side and, truth to tell, he was not far off the mark. Hoover, incidentally, continued to declare his availability for the second slot well into the 1950s. It is now known that he became a real pest, trying to foist himself on Thomas Dewey at the GOP convention of 1948. Dewey's secret diary brims with unflattering references to Hoover's effort to get himself on the ticket.

Readers who are old enough to remember the 1964 Democratic convention will recall the tale that almost won Theodore H. White a Pulitzer Prize. Democratic nominee Lyndon B. Johnson attempted to persuade former president Dwight D. Eisenhower to be his running mate. The Texan, ever the cagy politician, offered all manner of inducements to the General, but negotiations collapsed over Eisenhower's insistence that the vice presidency be completely restructured so as to become a totally powerless and meaningless office, the occupant of which had absolutely no functions to perform. Johnson thought this demand demeaned the office which he himself had once filled. Instead, he picked Hubert H. Humphrey. When Humphrey ran on his own account in 1968, he too tried to get Eisenhower to run with him, but the General had, by then, lost all interest.

In 1976, former president Richard Nixon dispatched Henry Kissinger on a delicate mission to New York City. Nixon was interested in being Jimmy Carter's running mate. The Georgian, represented in the secret negotiations by his younger brother, insisted that Nixon agree to change his party registration before joining the ticket. Nixon refused.

This, of course, also provides the background to the real unreported story at the GOP convention of July, 1980, in Detroit. Though it was widely believed that former secretary Kissinger was representing former president Ford in discussions with former governor Ronald Reagan, he was in fact an emissary from former president Nixon. Nixon was willing to accept second spot on a ticket headed by either Reagan *or* Ford. That was the source of all the confusion. Somehow, Ford got it into his head that he was being asked by Reagan to run for vice president. Unhappily, not even Dr. Kissinger's patient explanations could disabuse him of this notion. The convention adjourned in total exasperation.

To review, then, this is the situation we now face. There are, first of all, two living former presidents, namely Richard M. Nixon and Gerald R. Ford. Both of them are also former vice presidents. (There are, for the record, four living former secretaries of state, but who cares about them?) If the polls are accurate, there will soon be another living former president, namely James E. Carter, and yet another living former vice president, namely Walter F. Mondale.

Clearly, we have to look ahead to 1984, when former president Carter will be able to run again with former president Nixon as his running mate. Or maybe we need to open up the political process and begin to think in terms of co-tickets, as for example, Nixon-Carter for president running with Ford-Mondale for vice president, or maybe the other way around. After all, these are difficult times, and we have to be imaginative and forthcoming, willing to run risks, take chances, and, most of all, forge ahead. □

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PRESSWATCH

KEEPING DISINFORMED

by Michael Ledeen

No, there will be no comment here about television coverage of the great "dream ticket" escapade in Detroit. Instead, this space will be devoted to two stories that never made it into the American press, even though many of the Most Important Persons at the *Washington Post, New York Times, Wall Street Journal,* and elsewhere knew about them. That neither story got space is a disgrace. Both deserve the fullest possible coverage and discussion, for both involve the use of the press for nefarious purposes by our national enemies.

The first story comes from *L'Express*, in a signed article by Jean-François Revel in the 12 July edition. Two months earlier a pair of reporters from *L'Express* and a correspondent from the Sygma news agency had been smuggled into Sanandaj, the capital of the province of South Kurdistan in Iran. At the time the city was under siege by the Khomeini forces, and the three journalists spent considerable time in the city's "hospital of the martyrs," which was under the direction of a 30-year-old female doctor named Chahin Bavafa. She showed them around the hospital, observing that the main operating room had itself been struck by a 120-millimeter shell, that ambulances had been fired upon by Khomeini forces, and that the hospital lacked blood serum, antibiotics, anesthetics, and even bandages.

Chahin Bavafa implored the French journalists to write in detail of these events, and she asked them to promise that they would cite her name as a source of information, so that there could be no possible doubt about the accuracy of their reportage. They objected, fearing that the supporters of the Ayatollah might attempt to punish her, but she insisted. Thus *L'Express* ran a story in which Chahin Bavafa was quoted as imploring the journalists: "Cry out about what you have seen. And demand, I beg of you, that your government intervene to bring an end to this butchery."

Later in the month Chahin Bavafa was arrested and brought before an Islamic Tribunal to face two charges: sabotage in her work and "publication of an insurrectionary and counterrevolutionary appeal in a foreign magazine." Found guilty, she was killed by firing squad on 17 June.

It's quite a story. And Jean-François Revel—to whom we already owe a great debt for *The Totalitarian Temptation*—spells out the consequences:

First, one cannot explain away this execution as the result of uncontrollable revolutionary fervor. The murder of Chahin Bavafa was carried out in cold blood.

Second, "Agents of Khomeini's SAVAK are at work in the Iranian Embassy in Paris—and hence in all Iranian Embassies abroad—reading the foreign press coverage of Iran. . . . All criticism of the regime by Iranians, wherever it is published, means the death of the critic."

Third, "If the death [of Chahin Bavafa] had taken place under the shah's regime, we would have seen an outburst of petitions and petitioners." The Iranian Embassy might even have come under occupation, like the Spanish Embassy in 1975 after the last of the Francoist political trials. "I hope that the demonstrators and petitioners will remember," Revel writes, "that a cadaver is always a cadaver, even when the murderer is right-thinking."

Fourth, "The Third World dictators have for years been conducting a campaign to stifle the free flow of information. The Ayatollah has found an absolute weapon: kill his opponents quoted in the free press."

Why did no one pick this up? I personally called editors and editorial writers, sent photocopies around to journalists I know, urged people to reprint the article or to look into the matter in greater detail. A regime that declares it a crime to speak the truth to a journalist is one that every American newspaper ought to condemn in the strongest possible terms. Instead there is silence.

There is silence as well about another spectacular development, this time in France, carried in striking detail by *Paris-Match*, the week of 11 July. It is the story of the first western journalist to be sent to jail because he worked as a disinformation agent of the KGB. His name is Pierre-Charles Pathé, the bastard son of Charles Pathé, the great French cinema mogul of the early twentieth century. Pierre-Charles Pathé was not one of the most important journalists in the country, but he had a fairly impressive set of credentials, having written for *France-Observateur, Libération, Le Nouvel Observateur, Realité, Option, Vie Ouvrière,* and others. He often wrote under a pseudonym: Charles Morand. In addition, he had his own publication, financed directly by covert funds from the KGB *residentura* in Paris: a bulletin under the letterhead of the "Center for scientific, economic and political information."

Pathé's career is fascinating for those who wish to familiarize themselves with Soviet techniques. He began by writing some highly pro-Soviet articles and books, works that brought him to the attention of the Soviet Embassy in Paris. Over the course of several years he received training, financing, and information from the KGB, thus permitting him to acquire financial stability and to create a name for himself as a first-class journalist with access to highly confidential information. In this phase he was not used to disseminate "disinformation." More recently, however, he was used as a channel for passing systematically misleading information about French politics and about Russian intentions and activities. For this task the KGB helped him start a new newsletter in 1976, entitled "Synthesis." This bi-monthly publication had restricted circulation to the French elite, reaching 41 journalists, 299 members of the Chamber of Deputies, 139 Senators, 14 Embassies, and 7 others. In April of that year the magazine *Realité* called Pathé "an independent sociologist and economist, for many years an analyst of the problems of the modern world, having formulated various observations and propositions that have often impressed French and European leaders."

He was tracked down by French security officials, his contacts with the KGB were watched, an air-tight case was established. He was sentenced to five years in prison, a sentence, according to M. Jean-Pierre Van Geirt of *Paris-Match*, that is not very severe. But then, as Van Geirt rightly observes, Pathé did not turn over national security information to the Russians:

> He created filing cards on journalists who might have been subject to Soviet recruitment. He gave information concerning an official of the S.d.e.c. [the French CIA] whom he knew to the K.G.B. But, above all, he succeeded in influencing the shapers of the written press, arriving at a position from which he could spread all around the ideas of the Soviets.

For many years now, there has

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been a great hue and cry in this country and elsewhere about the nefarious role of the CIA in recruiting American journalists for clandestine activities. Congressional committees have published thousands of pages dealing with this question, hundreds of editorials have warned about the dangers of overly-close relationships between the press and the American intelligence community. The Director of Central Intelligence has recently been attacked for even considering the use of journalists in intelligence missions. Yet the activities of the "other side" do not attract attention.

The Pathé case is remarkable for another reason: It comes right out of the pages of *The Spike*, the best-selling novel by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Robert Moss. These two gentlemen are often accused of "Cold Warism" and extreme political paranoia. Yet in this case their concerns are amply justified. There most certainly are Soviet disinformation agents in the West. It would be astonishing if there were none in this country. Does no one care? Or has the fear of defending one's own country become so strong that a spectacular story from Paris is totally "unnewsworthy" for our leading newspapers and magazines? Why will no one write of these things in the United States? Mr. Rosenthal, are you listening? Mr. Bradley? Mr. Cronkite? Roone Arledge? Is any one home? □

THE TALKIES

POPULAR CULTS

by John Podhoretz

Movies cease to be movies in only three cases. First, when they become "films," functioning under the strict philosophical principles of both director and audience, as was the case with *Days of Heaven*. Second, when they become social phenomena, winning such fantastic popularity that entire subsidiary industries are built up around them, as was the case with *Star Wars*. Third, when they become centers of cults, objects of devotion akin to the transubstantiated wafer or the cross.

In the last case we have as our best example a movie called *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, a movie shown only on Fridays and Saturdays at midnight, but which numbers tens of thousands among its devotees all across the country. At its showings people can be heard proudly declaring that this is, in fact, the hundred and fiftieth time they have come to see it; and during the movie the audience as a whole participates in what is happening on the screen in ways which do not change from week to week, and which are, I am told, roughly similar in every theater across the country. It is, in short, not just a movie but a *cult* movie, not merely to be seen but to be experienced, and experienced religiously.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show is not the first movie to find life, and financial success, only from being shown late at night on weekends. The previous triumphs on this circuit have included *Night of the Living Dead*, in its time an almost unspeakably gory and unpleasant little horror film; *El Topo*, a Zen Western in which men's genitalia are removed from their bodies and women are raped at 30- and 45-second intervals; and *Pink Flamingos*, a homosexual extravaganza advertised as "the most disgusting movie ever made," featuring a three-hundred-pound transvestite named Divine who, at the film's end, partakes of defecation. Although it is not as immediately shocking as these movies, *Rocky Horror* has been the great success of the midnight-movie industry in part because it manages to mix their elements, while adding a campy sense of humor which begs for the kind of active audience participation the film does, in fact, receive.

Rocky Horror is a twisted musical version of a classic Hollywood horror movie: In it, a young unmarried couple, Brad and Janet, find themselves with a flat tire in an out-of-the-way forest. "Say, wasn't there a castle down the road a few miles?" Brad says, and off they go, finding at the castle Dr. Frank N. Furter, "a transvestite from transsexual Transylvania," and his entourage of like-minded individuals, who have gathered to celebrate the Doctor's success at creating life in his laboratory. His Frankenstein monster is a blond, tanned, and enmuscled California-type named Rocky, whose sole purpose in his new life is to provide the Doctor with bedtime company. As the movie progresses, both Brad and Janet are seduced by the Doctor, a fifties rock-n-roll type comes out of the laboratory's "Deep Freeze" compartment on his motorcycle and spirits Rocky away, and the Doctor is forced to return to his home planet, Transsexual, taking his castle with him.

What is modestly memorable about this childish travesty is the power and strength of its homosexual imagery. It begins with a sequence in which a disembodied pair of lips, covered with purple lip-gloss, opens, revealing tobacco-stained teeth. A male voice then proceeds to sing the movie's opening number, ample use being made of tongue, lips, and teeth throughout the song. As Brad and Janet croon to one another outside a church where they have just been to a wedding, a wizened couple right out of "American Gothic" sings the background vocals, making it all too clear just what this cute young pair will become in the future. Dr. Frank N. Furter, whose lips, we discover, were the ones of the film's opening, wears a black negligee and assorted leather garments all over his person. And finally, there is the sight of the Doctor going into paroxysms of desire when Rocky rises from the laboratory table and throws off the white sheet which was covering him, almost fully revealing the glories of his body.

"Come on, we have to get a seat in front," I heard a girl cry when I saw the movie two years ago, "this is Billy's first time!" And she was indeed escorting into the auditorium a wide-eyed, extremely excited kid of sixteen who had already, by the look of his face, been initiated into the cult without even having seen the movie. (*Rocky Horror* proselytizers are not unlike marijuana lovers whose sole aim in life, it seems, is to get everyone stoned.) The rudiments of the cult are these: The Rocky Horror devotees costume up in the garb of the characters; they reply in unison at various points in the movie to what the characters are saying on screen ("I knew I should have checked the spare tire," Brad says; "Asshole!" the audience cries); they bring paraphernalia to the theater to help them react further to the action (when the wedding is over, the audience throws rice at the screen; when Brad and Janet get caught in the rain and cover their heads with newspaper, the audience does the same); and they jump up on stage and dance the movie's production number, the "Time Warp," alongside the characters on screen.

To those who have seen the movie one hundred times, the movie itself can no longer hold any fascination. The real pleasure comes only in the performance of the ritual which can, without too much facetiousness, be described as a kind of Midnight Mass. (At one point one of the characters insists that it is dark outside. Immediately the hundreds in the audience open their tote bags and light little white candles, holding them aloft.) Indeed, the religious side to the *Rocky Horror* cult can be seen in its fascination with ritual. The audience's responsive declarations both in word and deed, codified over the five years since the movie was first shown, resemble the ritual of a religious service. This is not as odd as it might seem. In these profoundly atheistic times, it can really come as no surprise that the need for religious ritual—which Emile Durkheim, among others, has told us is an essential part of human existence—will find its expression in the arena of popular culture. This holds true even if the object of devotion is morally reprehensible.

In fact, it is the movie's turpitude that contributes to the impression that the audience is enjoying some-

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thing *more:* the giggly pleasure of participating in a "naughty" thing, a pleasure which plays a crucial part in the misbehavior of adolescents. Indeed, a great part of the *Rocky Horror* audience seems to be composed of adolescents who have come in order to play with grown-ups, a shady caste of grown-ups in fact, whose decadence makes them all the more appealing. A sense of community in impropriety—this is also a major element of the *Rocky Horror* experience. A sense that you are doing something your parents would disapprove of.

But the disapproval of parents, most especially of the upper middle-class variety, is a hard thing to win anymore, what with the lessons a great many such parents learned during the 1960s. And outrageousness itself is not so easy to achieve anymore, considering the extent to which what was deemed outrageous thirty years ago has today become part of our everyday lives. It is this kind of outrageousness that informs *Rocky Horror* (as it has all of the other successes on the late-night circuit). For movies which gain the kind of surreptitious and more than slightly suspicious following *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* has must possess something remarkably different which they can then offer their audiences; these are the audiences, after all, upon whom the most graphic displays of violence and of sex seem to have relatively little effect. A real visceral charge can come only when *all* the rules are violated. The sort of cute impropriety with which *The Blues Brothers* (who destroy cars) and *The Blue Lagoon* (in which two beautiful teenagers sleep with one another repeatedly) are imbued is not sufficient.

Rocky Horror's impropriety is, instead, of a truly evil nature. It is, first of all, a celebration of homosexual fantasy. When Brad and Janet discover Frank N. Furter in their respective beds, each protests at first but then succumbs to what we are to understand is the best sexual experience either will ever have. It is also a celebration of hedonism. The most important words of the movie are delivered by our cute couple, both clad in garb similar to Frank N. Furter's, who sing "Don't dream it, be it," over and over again, as the audience joins in and the theater rocks. It is lastly a celebration of degradation. The subsidiary characters are all deformed in some way —are hunchbacks, dwarfs, etc., of uncertain sex—and are, to their very core, "weird." They revel in their weirdness, are orgiastic in their ugliness, delight in their unpleasantness.

This wallowing in degradation is the real sensation experienced by the movie's audience. It is what makes it still important to those who by now must take the movie entirely for granted, telling them what they need to hear, confirming as it does their basest tendencies. Thus, *Rocky Horror* cultists enjoy a sense of community which is of a far more serious and fundamental nature than the sensation of being "in" on something the value of which is appreciated by a select few. They are active participants in a tiny movement which is, at its heart, revolutionary. It is revolutionary in its celebration of values which strike at the very heart of our culture—a movement which would, in a less permissive time, have been considered dangerous.* They are "in" with the shiftless sexual "swingers" of another day who still hang around Greenwich Village. They are more radically "in" when they become part of the cult in a less "sophisticated" city like Chicago, where a smaller but equally virulent cult does indeed exist. Those to whom the movie does not speak directly—those who are not transvestites, homosexuals, or violent hedonists—are the cult's "fellow travelers," so to speak, and derive their pleasure from being at the vanguard of yet another Greenwich Village "revolutionary" movement.

But there they are, standing on the streets in front of the theaters, dressed like the characters, wearing fangs, introducing themselves to one another, "making new friends." I do not wish to suggest that these people

*It is interesting to note that the film had to be moved from the Greenwich Village theater, the Waverly, where it had its first midnight showing, in late 1978. The reasons given were "neighborhood complaints." But given the neighborhood's layout, the only neighbors who might have complained were in Little Italy, the small community at the south of Greenwich Village which is said to be a center of Mafia activity. The Mafia knows what it does not like.

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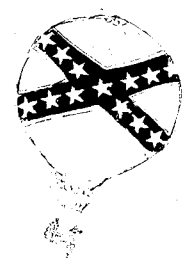

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go to the movie as a revolutionary act; rather, they go primarily to belong. They want to belong, in part, because *Rocky Horror* offers elements of religion, hedonism, and outright immorality with a tinge of revolution to it. (However, the revolutionary fervor seems to have died slightly; the movie no longer commands the audience it did in its heyday a year or two ago.) But, one must distressingly conclude, it is just a movie, and a bad one at that, and that there is a kind of social madness in the air which has led these people down the street late at night to these theaters so they can humiliate and degrade themselves in the company of others who are doing the same. "We are living now in an age of moral mediocrity," Emile Durkheim wrote in reference to the West's loss of religious passion over 60 years ago. One would have to amend his words today merely in light of the existence of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*: "We are living now in an age of moral disease." □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

NOTHING FOR EVERYONE

by Neil Howe

There is no question that the concept of "scarcity" is now exerting a profound and unprecedented influence on the American Left, the best evidence being the Left's energetic association with almost any political issue involving an alleged "scarcity" of resources. Land, air, water, fuel, food, or even (in the more sophisticated accounts) leisure, time, labor, and space—all, we are told, are growing "scarce" because of the irrationality of our capitalist institutions. Hostility toward private economic activity is of course manifest in nearly all the proposed solutions for scarcity as well: zoning and land-use statutes at the local level, legislation and resource boards at the state level, agencies, taxes, and subsidies at the federal level, and UN resolutions for the world. The same hostility informs the best-known general books on the subject (*The Costs of Economic Growth, Limits to Growth, Small is Beautiful, The End of Affluence,* among others) and the many political and economic tracts that have followed from them, including, now, Richard Barnet's *The Lean Years: Politics in the Age of Scarcity.* *

Only a few years ago it was widely believed that, by taking up the idea of scarcity, the Left was simply being opportunistic, hoping to find in scarcity the basis for a new anti-establishment fervor (the causes of the sixties having passed) or, at the very least, an expeditious way of furthering the government's regulatory powers. It is now clear, however, that, whatever their original intentions, many on the Left have come to embrace the concept of "scarcity" in a more fundamental sense, have come to believe that it describes an essential and timeless relationship between man and Nature. Capitalism is still held in as much contempt as it was during the sixties, but for new reasons. The animus is directed not so much against the ways capitalism violates social justice or provokes class war as against the ways it violates certain quantitative boundaries of the material world. It consumes too much, grows too big, runs too fast, makes us travel too far, involves too much complexity, and gives us too much power. Should we not desist and accept some sort of socialized austerity regime, the penalty will be far worse than a proletarian revolution: Nature herself will strike back with tempests, famines, poisons, and conflagration—in short, with the Four Horsemen.

For many of us, this ideological shift on the Left is baffling. We remember a time not so very long ago when the Left's enthusiasm for technology, growth, and abundance knew no bounds. We associated socialism with cybernetics, with Futurist painting, with endless rows of tractors and tanks, with vast bureaucracies figuring out GNP statistics to the tenth decimal place, with the hissing and thumping steam pistons of the battleship *Kropatkin*. That now, in America at least, so much of the Left's fervor seems to be pointed in the opposite direction should prompt us to wonder what the real origins of the new popularity of "scarcity" are and, more important, where it will lead the Left from here.

To answer the first question we have to step back a bit and recall that, traditionally, the Left has always maintained a highly ambiguous attitude toward "scarcity." Officially, the Left has consistently heaped scorn on the notion that "scarcity" is somehow inseparable from the human condition. For example, socialists found Malthus's contention that food supply could not keep pace with burgeoning populations reactionary, since it tended to avert man's attention from solving his woes in This World rather than in Another. Indeed, those whose writings provided the origins of leftist ideology, especially utopian socialists such as Condorcet, William Godwin, and Robert Owen, saw in man's destiny a world of Cornucopian plenty. Marx followed suit. So did his Party apostles. So do Soviet propagandists today. Even many liberals have found in this rather "progressive" strain in socialist aspirations little with which to disagree. John Stuart Mill, John Maynard Keynes, and (most recently) John Kenneth Galbraith have all written of a forthcoming "end of economic scarcity" which will herald the dawn of new forms of social organization. Particular scarcities of this or that kind may persist for a while, they say, but our final challenge will be to cope with affluence.

Unofficially, however, the premise of enduring natural scarcity has always been a necessary cornerstone in the Left's social theory and practice. If it were not, what else could the Left use to justify its need for esoteric forms of political authority? The key idea here originally found its most eloquent expression in Rousseau, and has been maintained by romantics and humanists (often outside the Left) ever since.

Individualism, according to Rousseau and his descendants, inculcates desires far too extravagant and innovations far too wasteful for civilized man ever to be satisfied within the limits of Nature. Scientific socialism makes this point also, albeit implicitly: Since man's needs and powers are directly shaped by Nature, his only choice is to define objectively the relation between these needs and powers (i.e., natural scarcity), and then to remake himself in accordance with the definition. In this sense the practice of socialism—whether the ritualized economy of the artists' commune or the input-output matrix of the Soviet "Gosplan"—is predicated upon the anticipation of, and submission to, scarcity. A socialist economy "succeeds" when the state has managed to institutionalize scarcity indefinitely, when it can decree, for example, that in ten years it will make exactly 2.5 million shoes while suppressing the desire for any other quantity by deeming it illegitimate and unnatural.

The competition between these two casts of mind—one denying scarcity and the other affirming it—parallels another old debate on the Left, over whether socialism's primary goal should be the "New World" or the "New Man." As socialism's official position, the "New World" (with its denial of scarcity) has usually won out, because it melded more easily with the powerful, progressive spirit of western liberalism. Yet a crucial option always remained open: What would happen if socialists came to despise liberalism? What if they no longer cared to direct their message to the poor, creative, and striving dispossessed?

This last option was in fact taken by our own New Left of the late sixties, and it abruptly changed socialism's official position. The "New Man" (or "new consciousness") became the primary goal, no matter what the consequences. Our real and perceived declining economic performance during the seventies, of course, made clear what the consequences would be: submitting, perhaps forever, to material dirth. As such, "scarcity" has now become for

*Simon & Schuster, $11.95.

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the Left no longer an unpleasant fact to be vanquished, but rather an awesome truth to be welcomed, publicly at least, and propitiated.

This new attitude is at the heart of Richard Barnet's new book, a massive gospel intended to initiate the reader into the "scarcity" world view. It must be said at the outset that Barnet, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, is not a talented or careful writer. His text meanders hopelessly, its flow clogged at every turn by heaps of irrelevant detail. Worse still, many of its details are simply wrong. Some of the errors are trivial ("a Princeton undergraduate . . . could build a nuclear weapon with materials available from the local hardware store") and some are not (the Department of Defense has an "ever-expanding military budget"). Still, his book offers a fascinating glimpse at how the "scarcity" movement interprets world affairs. Because of its very unruliness, it inadvertently reveals themes which a more cautious treatise would have kept hidden.

"This is a book," Barnet declares on page three, "about physical resources and political power. Whoever controls resources controls the world." To be sure, Barnet says that he once accepted "the promise of the industrial age" along with the rest of us. But now, having looked more deeply into the matter, he has come to share "the growing belief that our civilization is out of control," that it is, in fact, on a collision course with the limits of Nature. "The planet is indeed finite," Barnet says. It has always been so. And though the rhetoric of progress has done its best to deny this, our very success in pillaging the earth of its resources has now made the truth inescapable. Barnet's explanation stands as a sort of "scarcity" credo:

> Scientists have promised to break the bonds of human finitude, to open the secrets of the cell, and to unveil the mystery of the planets. Instead of the boundless horizons they had promised, limits popped up everywhere. The symbol of the new world without options was the Energy Crisis. Burn gasoline, and cities choke in fumes. Burn coal, and the delicate ecological balance of the earth is jeopardized. Take the nuclear route, and you court catastrophe. . . .There is a misfit between politics and the natural order.

Barnet's intention is to reinterpret politics and economics so that they "fit" the natural order. Accordingly, he suggests that the "organization of the planet" be thought of as comprising "five resource systems": energy, minerals, food, water, and labor. Man needs these resources: He organizes to acquire them, he arms to fight for them, and he founds civilizations to revere them. Unfortunately, as Barnet is forever pointing out, as time goes by man's needs become more pressing, his organizations more powerful, his arms more deadly, and his civilizations more materialistic. The growth-oriented institutions of capitalism are nothing less than the most recent engines of this destructive trend. "The ethos of the bazaar" is, after all, just another term for "the law of the jungle" and "what we call progress is a mysterious marriage of plunder and creativity." According to Barnet, it is time for capitalism to realize that it too can lose in "the global struggle over resource distribution" just as other civilizations have in the past. "A key political question is whether the holders of the present resource system will control the next," Barnet says, and when he points out that "the accidental distribution of resources opens up possibilities of radically new alliances and axes in the world," he is not exactly predicting a happy future for capitalist societies.

Chapter by chapter, resource by resource, Barnet builds his theme out of anecdotes and numbers. The history of energy and minerals, needless to say, is a history of picaresque entrepreneurs, followed by shameless cartels, followed in turn by faceless, insatiable multinationals and their lackey governments. He tells the same story about food supply, but with a different twist. Although here the U.S. stranglehold on the world food market cannot be blamed for depleting food once-and-for-all (not even Barnet can say this), we are nonetheless responsible for world starvation (as responsible as our last generation was for "Hitler's Holocaust") by corrupting impoverished societies with inefficient "agribusiness" methods and with wasteful tastes. As for water resources, Barnet cites so many exotic examples of parching and scorching that he is forced to conclude that "given the worldwide distribution of thirst . . . there is something faintly obscene about the extravagant use of water in the American home." Labor, lastly, is the strangest scarcity of all, and Barnet requires a full 56 pages to explain how it works. Apparently, he is fearful that useless multinational technology will so plunder the primitive societies of their traditional activities that "global unemployment" will engulf us all. The "underconsumption" that follows this "scarcity" (it sounds more like a glut than a scarcity) portends chaos and mayhem, needless to say.

Barnet pursues the "scarcity" theme so relentlessly that he sees everything mankind has ever done in different shades of the same color. Because he understands all wars and regimes to be based on nothing but the mindless quest for resource gratification, he is driven to observe that (even today) "political power still comes out of guns." Because he regards all human culture—knowledge, taste, and technology—as reducible to resource environments, he retailors sociology and history into crude deterministic dress. "The history of imperialism," he even declares at one point, "is the story of the domination of the rice and root eating cultures by wheat-eating carnivores from the North." Thus, Barnet can easily repudiate any objection to his thesis based on enlightened free will—for example, the suggestion that some Third World societies might choose to join the world market for a purpose and might have control over how they join it. For Barnet, modernity is not voluntary and hence problematic; it is a compulsion and hence it *is* the problem. Starvation is not simply a lack of food. It is a "symptom of social pathology" and the pathogen is the West's ceaseless desire for betterment.

Barnet is equally single-minded when he turns to economics. Here his theories are, in fact, pure mercantilism, transforming every economic decision into a question of raw politics and raw resources. Barnet even relishes in the language of mercantilism. Explorers "rape" the land; businesses "plunder" their mines; nations "bleed" from high import bills; and markets "suck in" their participants. A mere hint of ordinary supply-and-demand constraints would, of course, topple a great many of his arguments. Had he considered them, he might have seen how markets do indeed induce resource preservation, resource substitution, and resource recycling. But for Barnet the market is, predictably, a mere "metaphysical abstraction."

With or without markets, Barnet's economics often strain the barest rules of logical consistency. He seems to believe, for instance, that capitalists both rob future consumers by exploiting resources too quickly, and at the same time rob present consumers by forming cartels and exploiting them too slowly. He is also convinced that "speculators" as a rule "magnify the cyclical effect of the market" (even if such behavior must logically force them all into bankruptcy). Yet here too perhaps Barnet can find a way out. "Our language, our orderly intellectual habits," he suggests, "all conspire to keep us from integrating, comprehending, and fitting in with the natural order."

So what is to be done? Given Barnet's hatred of capitalism, his recommendations are familiar enough: the redistribution of global wealth and the management of the global economy. Yet given Barnet's belief in "scarcity," both of these agendas cut with a new edge. Redistribution is desirable, not so much to enrich the poor, but rather to impoverish the rich. Why, for instance, proliferate the automobile, if all it does is pander to "our mania for motion" while consuming the last of our iron, bauxite, chromium, and hydrocarbon resources? Likewise, managed economies are desirable, not so much to create wealth, but rather to make us succumb to a "rediscovery of limits."

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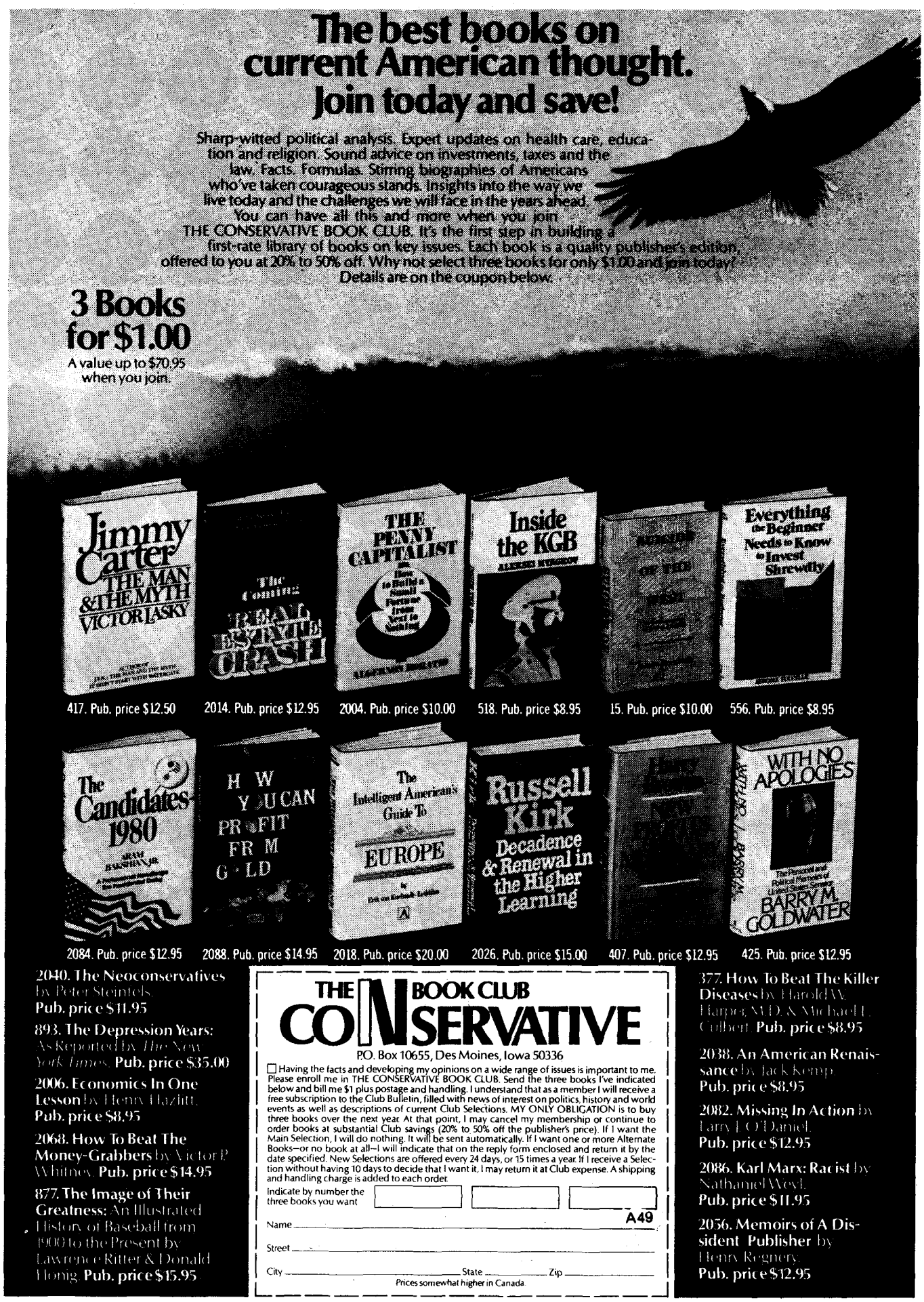
The details of Barnet's suggestions here are eye-opening. They include varying degrees of national "autarchy"; local "protectionism" and "self-sufficiency"; reversion to premodern "family farming"; depopulation of the cities; and strict local, even communal, control of "capital" and of all natural resources. Suffused as it must be with a sense of "religion" and "community," it is a vision that inspires Barnet to bucolic contemplation:

> In a traditional society where nothing changes, most people accept their place with a certain grace. That the landlord should live in luxury and the tenant farmer in a hovel was as natural as the sunrise. But when the principle of mobility is introduced into a society and envy is stimulated to induce people to work harder and to consume more, the pain of deprivation becomes more intense and gaps begin to matter. . . . It is the monumental social problem of the planet, the cause of mass starvation, repression, and crime, petty and cosmic.

This sort of tirade against the unboundedness of modern civilization bears an eerie resemblance to an old school of radical reaction whose influence we have almost forgotten. Two centuries ago the West was shaken by such politically-charged adjectives as "primitive," "organic," "natural," "rude," and even "gothic." Barnet wants to move us with his own modern translation: "scarce."

Does Barnet's ideology—which heartily denies the possibility of human progress in the context of the material world—still merit the name "Left" at all? The answer is unclear. It depends on whether we believe that a socialism for which "scarcity" is an explicit rather than an implicit premise can still lay claim to liberal goals. Marx, to be sure, ridiculed the Barnets of his own day (there were many) as "feudal socialists." And Barnet, to his credit, fully acknowledges his departure from traditional socialism. Though "scarcity in one commodity or another" is a familiar problem, he remarks, "the notion of systemic limits is threatening to capitalists and socialists alike." From this he concludes: "The fundamental philosophical choice—can human beings dominate nature or are they limited by nature—now divides both capitalism and socialism. It may well be the issue on which a true 'convergence' of market economies and centrally-planned economies takes place."

Barnet's forecast may not be entirely fanciful. Should the concept of "scarcity" strengthen its grip on the Left as our society moves into the eighties, the attack on capitalism will become increasingly parochial, entropic, and reactionary. Should our economy continue to stagnate for many more years, the defense of capitalism will probably find itself in many ways allied with the rump of the progressive Old Left. These seem strange prospects but it may soon become evident once again that the greatest threat to sound liberalism is not (as many believe) the overly ambitious pursuit of progress, but rather the denial of progress altogether. This point, recently restated at length in the newest works of Frank and Fritzie Manuel (*Utopian Thought in the Western World*) and Robert Nisbet (*History of the Idea of Progress*), was well understood in the nineteenth century. It is a seldom-recalled fact that the first translation of *Kapital* into Russian was published on Czar Alexander III's official presses. The Czar was desperate to divert his own intelligentsia from the slogans of anti-modern Pan-Slavic radicals and to get them to think more about economic growth. The Czar's plan backfired, of course, but at least we are beginning to understand what was on his mind. □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BOOK REVIEWS

THE PRESENT DANGER

Norman Podhoretz / Simon & Schuster / $7.95

Sidney Hook

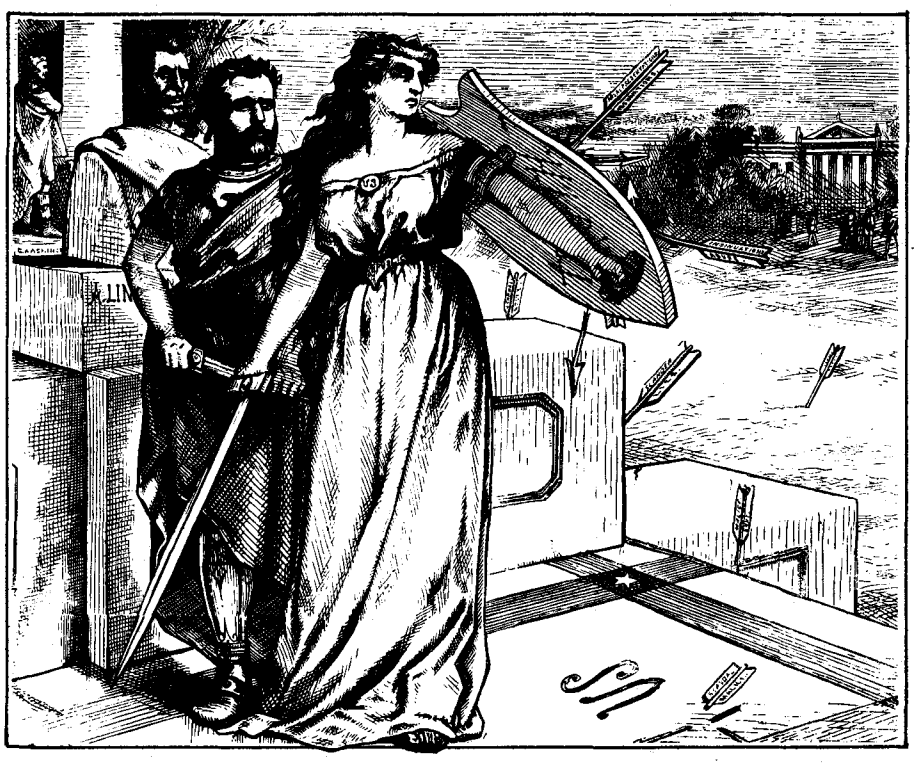
No matter who emerges as the presidential victor in November, Norman Podhoretz ought to be awarded a Freedom Medal for composing this book. It is a clear, soberly argued, persuasive case for the ideological rearmament of the United States in defense not only of its national interests but of the cause of a free and open society everywhere. It is not the kind of analysis that the readers of this journal will have any difficulty accepting, but it should be required reading for those conservatives who, together with certain anti-American libertarians, fail to see that restricting free enterprise with the Soviet Union, at least in some areas of trade, is a necessary part of the defense of a free society whose basic values transcend the freedom to buy and sell.

Although Podhoretz does not covet the term "cold warrior" or characterize himself as such, he will undoubtedly be denounced as a cold warrior by ritualistic liberals who ignore the fact that in the past the outbreak of a "hot war" in Europe was prevented by the "cold war." Podhoretz understands, as others do not, that the American abandonment of the cold war has not stopped the Soviet Union from intensifying it under the cover of détente, or from acquiring preponderant power in the world.

Particularly valuable in Podhoretz's historical analysis is his even-handed criticism of the role of both Democratic and Republican administrations in abandoning the policy of containment so painfully developed after Truman discovered what Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt had bequethed him with respect to the Soviet Union and good old Joe. Eisenhower himself understood the nature of Communism no more than Roosevelt, as he demonstrated not only during the last days of the War, in his failure to take Berlin, but at the time of the Korean War and the Hungarian Revolution. And although no one made stronger claims to understanding the nature of Communism than Richard Nixon, he, together with Henry Kissinger, constructed the policy of détente and acquiesced in the Helsinki accords, which formalized the Soviet bondage of Eastern Europe without any effective reciprocal concessions to the free world. Nor should we forget the refusal of Gerald Ford, on the advice of Kissinger, to give an audience to Solzhenitsyn at approximately the same time that Brezhnev was receiving Gus Hall.

Conservatives may find it paradoxical, but the fact is that the most embattled defenders of the values of a free society and the policy of resolute defense against the expansion of Soviet totalitarianism have not been free-market fetishists, libertarians, and other representatives of theological and economic fundamentalism but have been the members of the organized labor movement of the United States—the AFL-CIO. Looking back on its Executive Council's annual statements on foreign policy, one is struck by the prescience, consistency, and accuracy of their analysis of the Soviet Union's devious policies. Basically Podhoretz's argument is a skillful development of the foreign policy position of the organized American labor movement, which has done so much to rally democratic forces on a world scale against the encroachments of totalitarianism.

The validity of Podhoretz's analysis, enhanced by an eloquent prose that for all its forcefulness never fails to do justice to the complexity of the problems, is no assurance that it will be acceptable to the media that so much affect public opinion today. Already we are hearing that the invasion of Afghanistan is really a defeat for the Soviet Union and that the Soviet Union, despite the evidence of Communist penetration in Asia, Africa, and Central America, is weaker now than it was before it enlarged its influence. The world outlook of Cyrus Vance, who was more qualified to be a minister of the Gospels than a minister of state, still prevails in many quarters. Who would have believed that Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.—whose *The Vital Center* was a clarion call to oppose Soviet expansion at a time when the USSR, devoid of atomic weapons, was incomparably weaker than it is today—would regard the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as no cause for alarm? It was he, I believe, who drafted that memorable sentence in John F. Kennedy's inaugural address: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and success of liberty."



Podhoretz sounds two ominous notes in his grimly realistic appraisal of the world today. The first is that it may already be too late to reverse the balance of Soviet power against the free world and arrest the progressive Finlandization of Western Europe. Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, apparently irreversible, and France's irresponsible national egoism are evidence of a neutralism that seems to affect all the NATO countries (except, perhaps, England) by eroding their will to resist Communist aggression.

Even graver than the spirit of neutralism is a revival of the attitude that survival at any price is preferable to the risk entailed by resisting Soviet nuclear aggression. The historical lesson that pacifism and unilateral disarmament merely encourage totalitarian expansion, so clearly demonstrated during the thirties, has been lost on many today. Had the United States followed the foreign policy advocated by the American Quakers when Hitler occupied Western Europe, the world would now be a vast concentration camp. Unfortunately, this prospect does not terrify those like George Kennan, who at one time called on the American people to recognize the Kremlin's "implacable challenge" to the free world, to embrace an historical situation that "has made their entire security as a nation dependent upon their pulling themselves together and accepting the responsibilities of moral and political leadership" involved in a serious struggle.

Today Kennan has bought Bertrand Russell's line, "Better Red than dead," altering it to read "Rather Red than dead." This mood is sure to grow as we are overwhelmed with grisly and highly exaggerated accounts of the inescapable costs of any nuclear conflict, however limited. Yet none should

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Sidney Hook, the distinguished critic and philosopher, is most recently the author of Philosophy and Public Policy (*Southern Illinois University Press*) *and* Pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life (*Basic Books*).

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know better than Kennan that surrender (the end term of the process of Finlandization) and war are not the only alternatives, that the Communists will never undertake a war unless they are certain to win it, and that only the readiness and the willingness to resist the Communists have prevented the outbreak of the Third World War. It is that readiness and willingness to resist Communist aggression that Kennan, the pacifists, and the deluded members of the so-called New Left now seek to undermine.

Those for whom the highest virtue is survival at any price, who proclaim that there is nothing in the world worth dying for, have already written for themselves an epitaph of infamy. In a world in which Communist Russia has already threatened Communist China with nuclear weapons, such people ought to understand that "Rather Red than dead" may not be the only alternative. "First Red and then dead" may be another.

Podhoretz's book is a plea for the recognition that these alternatives are not exhaustive, that there is still a fighting chance to save both peace and the free world. □

DEMOCRACY AND DISTRUST

Richard Hart Ely / Harvard University Press / $15.00

Herman Belz

Controversy over the role of the Supreme Court in the constitutional system has been a staple of American politics for so long that one is inclined to dismiss yet another discussion of the problem with the thought that the more things change, the more they remain the same. That would be a mistake, however, for the recent interventions of the federal courts—and the jurisprudential underpinnings of those interventions—represent not simply a continuation of earlier trends, but marked innovation. At the urging of liberal interest groups dissatisfied with conventional, middle class-minded legislatures, courts have assumed law- and policy-making functions that would make early 20th-century critics of "government by judiciary" blink in amazement. In most cases, moreover, the aggrandizing decisions of the courts have at best a far-fetched if not a wholly imaginary relationship with the written Constitution.

John Hart Ely's *Democracy and Distrust* is a powerful critique of the "imperialistic" tendencies of the federal judiciary in the past decade, and it provokes us to reconsider the hoary problem of the role of the Supreme Court in American government and politics. Ely ambitiously offers a conception of judicial review that is intended to transcend the debate that has been carried on for a generation between the advocates of judicial activism and judicial restraint over the nature of constitutional adjudication.

It is a fact worthy of note that Ely, a former law clerk to Chief Justice Warren and a well-known defender of constitutional liberalism, appears to have more in common with the restraint rather than the activist point of view. His sharpest criticism is directed at those—judges and scholars alike—who in the name of social progress would have the courts assume a legislative role and in their decisions formulate public policies based on the discovery of "fundamental values." The trouble with this method of constitutional adjudication, Ely argues, is that it is essentially undemocratic: Supposedly objective social values that ostensibly form the basis of decisions are really the judges' own values and preferences. At its worst, as in the abortion law case of 1973, the activist approach produces decisions that are not simply bad constitutional law; they are *not constitutional law at all* because they lack any rational relationship to the text of the Constitution, or to any value, principle, or structure marked out by it as special.

Yet, as he must if he is to transcend the terms of the long-standing dispute over judicial review, Ely also finds fault with the restraint position, which he characterizes as "interpretivism." This he defines as the belief that constitutional adjudication can and should be based on express constitutional provisions, norms stated or clearly implicit in the written Constitution, or the legislative history of the constitutional provision in question without any outside content. Ely contends that this kind of "clause-bound" interpretivism is inadequate because there are some constitutional provisions which have no clear content or definitive legislative history as self-contained units. These provisions, most notably in the Fourteenth Amendment, are "broad invitations to import into the constitutional decision process considerations that will not be found in the language of the amendment" or the provision in question.

Where, then, does one turn in trying to make sense of and apply the open-ended provisions of the Constitution? Ely answers that one must stay within the confines of the Constitution and supply the needed content by consulting "the general themes of the entire constitutional document." In Ely's view the dominant themes are identified easily enough: an open political process and equal representation of all groups, especially discrete and insular minorities. While he recognizes that participation and representation can be described as "fundamental values," he sees these things as objective processes embedded in the very structure of the Constitution. In support of this view he points out that the Constitution is almost exclusively concerned with prescribing procedures of government rather than identifying substantive values. From this perspective Ely argues that the procedural essentials of republican government—equal representation and an open political order—provide guidance for filling in the content of open-ended constitutional provisions. When the courts intervene on these grounds, or impose these participational values, they are acting in a legitimately democratic way. Democratic participation and representation, Ely concludes, constitute the "promise" that the Constitution makes to future generations, to which fidelity is due.

Although the general outlines of Ely's theory of judicial review will appeal to conservatives in its attempt to restate the theory of judicial review along more responsibly democratic and less politically subjective lines, it does present certain problems. One of them is its disregard of history. I refer not to Ely's contention that legislative history is often incomplete and thus not a dependable guide to the meaning of certain constitutional provisions. That is true enough. What is disturbing, rather, is Ely's dismissing as "fake" the argument that when the judiciary applies the Constitution it is applying the people's will. Quoting Noah Webster (an unlikely authority), he takes the position that writing a permanent constitution binds future

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generations in an undemocratic manner. The people may not, he seems to say—at least not with democratic legitimacy—impose limits on themselves by placing certain matters beyond the vicissitudes of political expediency. In Ely's most un-Burkean view, the people are not a community bound together by the past, present, and future, but rather a congeries of interests committed to the eternal present.

This may be defensible as political theory, but it is manifestly at odds with the idea of a fixed constitution that is the foundation of American constitutionalism. Indeed, the distinctive purpose of the revolutionary generation as they formed republican governments was to limit legislative power by founding fixed constitutions of liberty that would exist outside of and provide the source of governmental authority. Ely's cavalier discounting of the continuing democratic legitimacy of constitution writing seems to challenge the very idea of a fixed and permanent constitution.

As against the seekers of fundamental values, Ely wins our approval by urging a return to the written Constitution for guidance in interpreting its open-ended provisions. Yet it is questionable whether political democracy, the sum and substance of Ely's open political process and equal representation of minorities, is so self-evidently the general theme that distinguishes the Constitution and defines its promise as he assumes it to be. One can as well point to stability, order, civility, or qualifications attached to popular power, for that matter, as general themes that animate the Constitution.

But even accepting Ely's ordering of priorities among the general themes of the Constitution, there are difficulties. Although the Constitution is largely procedural, Ely correctly observes that of course it is substantially concerned with preserving liberty. Yet he appears to regard an open political process and representation of minorities not merely as means for maintaining a free society, but as ends in themselves. This is the import, I believe, of his all too summary dismissal of anti-Communist legislation and judicial rule-making concerning the First Amendment, both of which he calls a mockery of the commitment to an open political process. On behalf of these Cold War internal security techniques, it may be said that there are times when limits must be imposed on the ability of some groups to participate in politics, when freedom of speech as a means of arriving at democratically determined policies must be restricted in the interest of preserving the substance of freedom.

Another question pertinent to Ely's theory of constitutional adjudication concerns the sources of judicial legitimacy. This has been a major point of controversy in the debate between judicial activists and judicial restraint theorists. The former hold that it is the content of decisions in a policy-making sense that forms the basis of the authority and respect the courts enjoy. In a typical expression of this view, Abram Chayes says that judicial action only achieves legitimacy by responding to the demand for justice in the society. The restraint school argues in contrast that the method of judicial decision making—objective and impartial rule application that declares the law rather than makes it—has been the principal source of judicial legitimacy.

Ely's insistence on staying within what he calls "the four corners of the document" in a search for fundamental values causes his theory to appear satisfactorily text-focused and thus closer to the restraint point of view. Yet the process or method that he sees as the central concern of judicial review has a substantive

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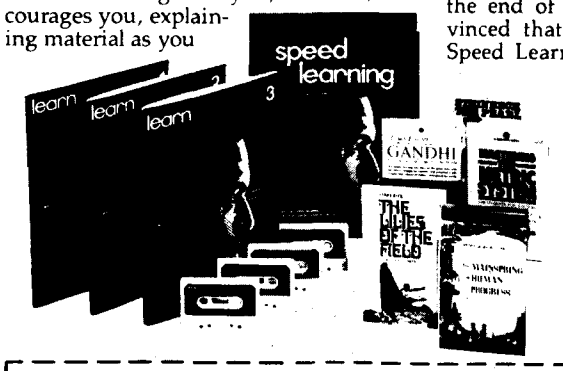

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political content that on balance moves the analysis closer to the activist position. Ely is not so much concerned with the *manner* in which courts review legislation as he is with the subject matter and results of judicial review. At several points he notes the apprehension often expressed during the Warren era that too much political intervention by the courts would provoke popular retaliation damaging to the authority and prestige of the judiciary. Yet this retaliation never occurred, says Ely; on the contrary, the power and prestige of the Court increased in the Warren period. Ely does not formally try to explain why this was so, but the clear inference is that the Warren Court's authority was enhanced by the substantive liberalism of its decisions in opening up the political process and promoting the representation of minorities.

Almost entirely absent from Ely's analysis is any concern for the traditional juridical values of objectivity and impartiality as a source of judicial legitimacy. I say almost absent because the ideal of judicial neutrality does enter in at one crucial point. A representation-reinforcing method will work, Ely insists, because judges as non-elective officers are beyond the reach of political pressures and influence, and hence will be able objectively to dispose of claims about denial of political rights and equal representation. It is not clear, however, why or how judges can attain objectivity in assessing claims about the political system when in their quest for fundamental values in other kinds of cases, as Ely argues elsewhere, they invariably tend to rely on their own values and policy preferences. Perhaps Ely would resolve the contradiction by saying that whereas the political process is an objective reality, there are no objective fundamental values. Yet it is not clear to me that claims about the political system, especially assertions about the denial of political rights and representation, are any less chimerical than discoveries of fundamental values.

These reservations notwithstanding, at a time when the judiciary seems to act as though there were nothing it couldn't do, it is encouraging to see a scholar of Ely's liberal credentials criticize judicial law and policy making as undemocratic, and appeal for a return to the Constitution. Undoubtedly Ely will be criticized by both sides in the activist-restraint controversy: by the activists for allowing legislatures too much latitude in the authoritative allocation of values, by the restraint advocates for allowing the representation of minorities to be carried to such an extreme as to politicize and fragmentize the constitutional community. It is certain too that the strictly historical school of restraint theorists, led by Raoul Berger, will sink their teeth into Ely's vulnerable democratic "presentism." Nevertheless, it is my hope—and cautiously optimistic expectation—that Ely's theory of judicial review will help set limits to judicial aggrandizement and thus restore a degree of vitality to our democratic political institutions. □

KOLYMA TALES

Varlam Shalamov / W.W. Norton / $9.95

Stephen Miller

In the fall of 1944 a group of Americans, among them, Vice President Henry Wallace and Owen Lattimore of the Office of War Information, paid a visit to the Soviet Far East. Writing about his trip in the December, 1944, issue of *National Geographic,* Lattimore praised the Soviet development effort there as roughly comparable to "a combination of the Hudson Bay Co. and T.V.A." He was also favorably impressed by the Soviet commandant. "Both he and his wife have a trained and sensitive interest in art and music," Lattimore said, "and also a deep sense of civic responsibility." This wonderfully aesthetic and deeply civic couple, in fact, ruled over Kolyma, a vast Gulag that claimed the lives of more than 3 million people.

Kolyma came to be so murderous a place not because the winter temperature usually hovered around 50 degrees below zero but because in 1937 the Soviet government deliber-

Stephen Miller is a Resident Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

Who reads The American Spectator?

James Jackson Kilpatrick

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ately reduced the prisoners' diet and changed the kind of clothes it issued. During the first three years of Kolyma's existence, as Robert Conquest has pointed out in his informative book on the subject, the camp was well administered and the death rate was low. In 1937, the government decided to make the primary purpose of Kolyma not the mining of gold but instead of the killing of prisoners, especially political prisoners.

Varlam Shalamov, the author of *Kolyma Tales,* which have circulated in samizdat for 20 years, is one of the few people to have survived Kolyma. Arrested in 1937 for having declared Ivan Bunin, the Nobel Prize laureate, a classic author of Russian literature (Bunin was anti-Soviet and had emigrated to the West), he spent 22 years in the camps, surviving only because he managed to get a job as a paramedic.

Shalamov's tales are major historical documents, for they provide us with evidence about daily life in the worst of the Soviet forced-labor camps. But they are also important works of art. The best tales in this volume are carefully constructed, built around a controlling theme or metaphor. Moreover, they are told with exquisite restraint, as if Shalamov knew that to be anything more than matter-of-fact would be melodramatic.

That Shalamov could actually discipline himself to write these lapidary tales is exhilarating, a sign that at least one man was not totally defeated by Kolyma. But this should not lead us to draw any uplifting conclusions about his experience. Some writers of Gulag literature have implied that their experiences in the camps revealed depths in themselves of which they would not otherwise have been aware. Shalamov says the opposite. "If bones could freeze," the narrator of "Carpenters" says, "then the brain could also be dulled and the soul could freeze over. And the soul shuddered and froze—perhaps to remain frozen forever." The experience of Kolyma was never an edifying one, Shalamov seems to say; rather it served only to reduce most prisoners to shells of their former selves. "My language," the narrator of "Sententious" says, "was the crude language of the mines and it was as impoverished as the emotions that lived near the bones. . . . [A] few dozen words were all I had needed for years. Half of them were obscenities."

Although Shalamov has no illusions about the effect of being in a camp like Kolyma, he never suggests that in its crushing world the prisoners all behave the same way. The devoutly religious prisoners, for instance, are generally shown to be unyielding, which often means that they are the first to die. Other stories focus on the cunning of the prisoners, on the strategies they continually devise in order to stay alive, although Shalamov makes it clear that survival in Kolyma is, above all else, a matter of luck. At other times, the subject of Shalamov's tales is courage—the courage to put an end to one's abject and miserable existence, the courage to attempt escape, which always ended in failure.

In general, though, Shalamov dwells more on objects than on people. Such an emphasis makes sense, since the prisoners themselves, in their desperate attempt to find ways of coping with the rigors of camp life, continually scheme to find ways of getting those things—an extra crumb of bread, an extra article of clothing—which might help them stay alive. Perhaps the best story in the collection is "Lend-Lease," which centers on the peculiar array of objects sent to the Soviet Union by

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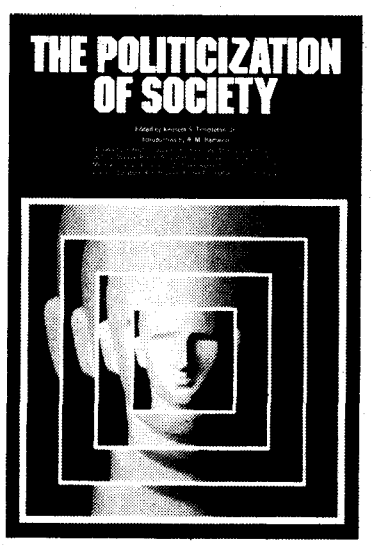

The Politicization of Society

Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton, Jr.

"The state has increasingly replaced the church in determining how we should behave," writes Oxford professor R. M. Hartwell in his introduction. "Politics is now religion." Fourteen scholars examine the central problem of modern society—the growth of the state—and its significance for the individual. They are Robert L. Carneiro, Felix Morley, Murray N. Rothbard, William Marina, Robert A. Nisbet, Jacques Ellul, Giovanni Sartori, Michael Oakeshott, Donald M. Dozer, Herbert Butterfield, John A. Lukacs, Jonathan R. T. Hughes, Butler D. Shaffer, and F. A. Hayek. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

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the Americans during the war: spam, white bread, and a barrel of grease that was gulped down by the prisoners, who thought it was an American kind of butter. The central object of the tale is a shiny new bulldozer, meant for clearing the forest but first used to rebury a vast mound of corpses that had, in effect, become unburied (a common occurrence in the Far North because of the nearly impenetrable permafrost). The bulldozer is supposed to do a better job than the prisoners themselves, but it too fails. "The north resisted with all its strength this work of man," the narrator says, "not accepting the corpses into its bowels."

By virtue of Shalamov's tales, the corpses of Kolyma will not disappear from our minds. But what should we make of our knowledge that Lattimore and others were absurdly wrong about Kolyma, especially when they spoke—as Lattimore did—of the old Tsarist regime's harsh treatment of prisoners? As Conquest points out, more prisoners were executed in one particular camp in Kolyma alone in 1938 than were executed throughout the Russian Empire for the whole of the last century of Tsarist rule. Forced-labor camps, as Solzhenitsyn rightly says, are not a Russian invention; they are a Soviet invention, an invention of the last 60 years.

In one sense, of course, Kolyma is past history. After 1956 the daily life in these camps became less harsh and the death rate dropped significantly. But if the Kolyma of these tales belongs to the past, to the Stalinist era, it is also true that the current Soviet regime is in many ways a creature of that era. For the deaths of thousands of party officials in Kolyma and in other forced-labor camps paved the way for the leaders of the current regime. As Conquest has said, these leaders "remain not only its heirs, but also its accomplices." Moreover, the Soviet constitution is such that the government can still declare virtually anyone it wants to a political prisoner. And it is still official policy to give prisoners a diet that does not meet their average daily requirements.

So although Kolyma no longer exists, the demon of Kolyma hovers over the current regime. It is doubtful that the leaders of the current regime would summon this demon again, since they themselves might be destroyed by it. But both the structure of the current regime and the ideology on which it bases its legitimacy make it possible for Kolyma to happen again. □

SALTBOUND

Chilton Williamson, Jr. / Methuen / $10.95

Mitchell S. Ross

A city man born and bred, I am not the ideal customer for a book about rural life. I feel more at home in a shopping mall than in an open field, where I feel less inclined to hymn the glory of God's green earth than to swear violently at the nasty bugs. I sneeze easily and often, never more so than when Mother Nature attempts to seduce me. This aversion grows stronger still whenever someone tries to tell me of the joy of fishing. From time to time, moved by a desire to be amiable, I have held pole in hand and dropped bait into water, and I swear that I have never known any deeper tedium than this. I have reached the point where I will not fish unless a companion undertakes to fill the blank hours by reading aloud from a 19th-century novel while I wait for my worm to do its work.

By contrast, Chilton Williamson, Jr., feels very much at home among mosquitoes, fishermen, and other inhabitants of the watery and wide-open spaces. He spends as much time among them as his duties as "Books Arts & Manners" editor of *National Review* permit. Recently he spent a winter among the people of Block Island, Rhode Island, which, we learn in *Saltbound*'s opening sentence, is "the terminal moraine of an ancient glacier" lying "at the juncture of Long Island Sound and Narrangansett Bay, longitude 71° 30' west, latitude 41° 8' north." Eyes and ears open, he kept a journal and eventually produced this book. Librarians will have a hard time knowing what to do with it, as it could be fairly classified as history, journalism, or Americana. Little matter: It is so elegantly done that even a nature-hater loved it.

For most of Block Island's history (which dates back to Puritan times), the economy of the place was based on fishing and agriculture. In recent decades and for various reasons Block Islanders have become heavily dependent on summer tourism to get along. The effects of this conversion provide Williamson with his primary theme, but this is no dry treatise on the political economy of summer resorts. *Saltbound* comes alive through its people, the natives and newcomers who give the place its peculiar coloration. They are, as one would expect, an assorted lot, and it is among Williamson's triumphs that he is able to sketch them in a convincing way without gross invasions of privacy, without unseemly condescension, and at the same time without sentimentality.

This is especially remarkable because there seems just cause in many cases throughout the book for satire of the harshest sort. I suspect that Williamson refrained from indulging in it not because he is blind to imbecility but because he recognized here the value of a more serene treatment: In dealing with such a little-known corner of America, the important thing was to portray it plainly and leave judgment to another day. Human vanity and cupidity are left here to speak for themselves.

During his Block Island winter, Williamson collected a host of amusing stories, such as the saga of "One-Beer Allen," who would drive into town each night and drink beer at his favorite saloon. "After finishing it, and wiping his mouth, he would walk slowly and with heroic self-control to his car, and drive at a snail's pace out of town, straddling the center line as though it were a tightrope. Alas, a man of virtue is seldom honored in his own town: his withdrawal was always attended by banks of strong men and sober women, standing helpless with weepy laughter on the sidewalks." There are also several arresting asides, and even the historical sections, which on the whole are less captivating than the contemporary journal, yield moments of high humor.

Williamson's shrewdness in handling his material can be seen most plainly in his depiction of one Beatrice A. Conley, his landlady. Mrs. Conley is present in the first section ("Fall") and the final section ("Spring"). She rented her house to the author for the winter and departed for Florida, but she appears in the "Winter" section of the book through her letters and postcards. Something of an outsider despite her long residence on Block Island, Mrs. Conley is eccentric to the point of outright looniness. A vegetarian, she disdains fish-eating: "You put a piece of fish and a piece of meat in the sun and see which crawls away first." Worse, she subscribes to the beliefs of a moronic cult called the Great I Am Activity, which deals in Etheric Records, Ascended Masters, life on Venus, and similar stuff. And yet Mrs. Conley is civilized in her habits and kindly in her disposition. Williamson's treatment of her is affectionate; indeed, he dedicates the book to her.

Whether or not Block Island can be seen as a metaphor for New England and *Saltbound* as a bittersweet farewell to it—Williamson was raised partially in Vermont, and he is now at work on a book in and about Wyoming—we have in *Saltbound* an effort which is sound in every respect, a distinguished examination of regional culture, a searching and dignified exploration of American life. □

Mitchell S. Ross is the author of The Literary Politicians *and* An Invitation to Our Times.

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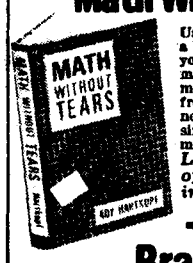
Math Without Tears



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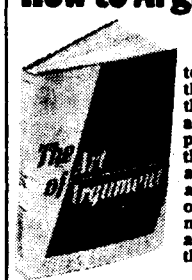

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Boston Globe

On March 15, 1980, an unsung patriot, laboring clandestinely in the shadowy crevices of the *Boston Globe*, spied an editorial in praise of Jimmy's recent economic manifesto as the thing was being readied for publication, and, unbeknownst to *Globe* censors, he gave it the headline "Mush from the wimp." Three days later the following declaration of innocence was published:

AN APOLOGY: The first editions of last Saturday's Globe carried a headline on the lead editorial that was inappropriate and not intended for publication. In later editions the editorial, which supported President Carter's new initiatives on the economy, was titled, "All must share the burden."

[*March 18, 1980*]

Commonweal

In one of the world's leading organs of Christian Democracy, the celebrated Dr. Richard B. DuBoff of Bryn Mawr College sounds the cry of righteousness and the tocsin against a resurgence of modern civilization:

The New Conservatism, in sum, is a good example of what Thorstein Veblen referred to in 1904 as the process of "the natural decay of business enterprise." Its vision of the "free market" is a canon of "devout observance": the "free market" is simply assumed to exist. No proof of its existence or viability is offered—aside from the hoary (and probably untestable) proposition that if only "government" would go away, "freedom" would prevail and unshackled private energies would clean up our economic quagmires. The economics of the right is profoundly anti-historical: its champions feel uncomfortable even debating the extent to which government intervention was necessary to remove impediments to "free market" expansion and to rectify "market failure" over the past two centuries. Such a triumph of ideology over serious scholarship puts the new conservatives in a position of supreme self-confidence in a time of obvious economic disarray, when every short-run action by public authorities is guaranteed to produce its equal and opposite reaction in the private sector. They are strategically placed to become a genuine public menace in the next four years.

[*July 4, 1980*]

The New York Times

Zoological observations of Professor Leslie Gelb, former fashioner of Carter statecraft:

Talking with officials and scholars in the Soviet Union is not very different from talking with their counterparts in the United States.

[*July 11, 1980*]

Time

An annunciation of a welcome cultural event from a public-spirited reader of *Time*. This is a guidebook that should be on the bookshelf of every reformer:

Many will await the publication of the guidebook on how to commit suicide (July 7) and many will use its information gratefully. As a volunteer in nursing homes, I hear prayers nightly pleading to die before morning.

LaVere Hoskins
Topeka, Kans.

[*July 28, 1980*]

The New York Times

The Wonderboy of Plains, Georgia, makes one more inhuman leap into the pages of Roget's International Thesaurus:

President Carter, fondly recalling yesterday a white-water raft trip he took down the middle fork of Idaho's Salmon River two years ago, signed a bill creating the River of No Return Wilderness there.

"If I had to pick out the three or four best days of my life in politics it would be the time I spent going down the Salmon River on a raft," he said at the signing ceremony.

[*July 25, 1980*]

The Great Books Series

In an elegant foreword to *The Coming Out Stories*, the outstandingly talented Adrienne Rich divulges the innermost thoughts of a pioneer:

I keep thinking about power. The intuitive flash of power that "coming-out" can give: I have an indestructible memory of walking along a particular block in New York City, the hour after I had acknowledged to myself that I loved a woman, feeling invincible.

The Coming Out Stories
Edited by
Julia Penelope Stanley and
Susan J. Wolfe
[*Persephone Press, 1980*]

Commonweal

Theological maunderings over the corpse of Jean-Paul Sartre, the philosopher of the empty space:

For Sartre, human reality is divine reality without the ontological goods. The lived world is not a dream, it is a kind of fiction, it is our continuous creation in the manner of a God who also creates out of nothing. (The Christian deity lacks Plato's value blueprints, the Forms.) Nowhere is this notion of life as a semi-divine fiction more strikingly evident than in Sartre's brief autobiographical work, *The Words*. The most interesting way to read the book is to think of Jean-Paul as Jesus Christ.

[*July 4, 1980*]

Village Voice

Another revolutionary event vividly retailed in the *Voice*:

The Tupperware sale at Twilight (Third Avenue near 83rd) was well attended. The Tupperware lady was a real pro. She said she'd shown her wares at Tupperware parties hosted by gay couples, but had never worked an Asian gay bar till now. She didn't do badly, either. About $200 in maxi-canisters, kracker keepers and jel-n-serve sets.

The gay Asians who frequent Twilight are very Tupperware oriented. Many live in Jackson Heights, Rego Park, and Flushing. Their apartments are nicely turned out and they cook when they come home from work, preferring recipes from *Family Circle* (like hamburger meat with canned apricots).

[*July 23-29, 1980*]

The Center Magazine

Richard Griswold del Castillo, Visiting Associate Professor of History at the University of California at San Diego, brings an intellectual audience at the intellectual Robert Maynard Hutchins Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions to its intellectual feet with an astounding peroration in the interrogatory mode:

Is Chicano history really innovative? Is it really revisionistic? Or does it fit into the framework of either conventional urban history or the new urban history, using quantitative analysis? I am playing the devil's advocate when I ask, what is truly innovative and what is truly revisionistic about Chicano history? Is it within the mold of the new social history?

[*July/August 1980*]

Vegetarian Times

Evidence that yet another element of the old New Deal coalition is about to bolt the Democratic Party:

Which national party has mostly vegetarians among its convention delegates? The Republicans? No. The Democrats? No, again. If you guessed the Citizens' Party, you're right.

For three days in April, I attended the Citizens' Party's founding convention in Cleveland with notebook in hand and camera ready. I had heard that many Citizens' Partiers were veggies and I wanted to check the rumor.

On the convention floor, I made the rounds with a simple straw poll, asking: Are you a vegetarian? 1) Yes? 2) Usually/basically? 3) No?. Out of a total of 77 delegates questioned, 29 said "yes," 13 said "basically/usually" and 35 said "no." Many of the "no's," however, said that they leaned toward a vegetarian diet even though they did eat meat on occasion. LaDonna Harris, the Citizens' Party's vice-presidential candidate stated that she was "basically/usually" a vegetarian. Barry Commoner, the presidential candidate, responded "no" adding that he usually eats fish and meat "occasionally."

It should be of interest to vegetarian activists that we now have a political party led by people who embrace our world view and concerns. The Citizens' Party platform contains strong progressive stands on a variety of issues including Health, Food and Agriculture, Women's Rights and others.

—James B. Mason

[*July, 1980*]

The Nation

Geographical observations of a mordant nature from the learned Dr. E.L. Doctorow, author and humorist:

Ronald Reagan was born in 1911 in rural Illinois. His father, John Edward Reagan, was a store clerk and erstwhile merchant whose jobs took the family to such towns as Galesburg, Monmouth and Dixon—just the sort of places responsible for one of the raging themes of American literature, the soul-murdering complacency of our provinces, without which the careers of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis and Willa Cather, to name just a few, would never have found glory. The best and brightest fled all our Galesburgs and Dixons, if they could, but the candidate was not among them.

[*July 19-26, 1980*]

New Age

A useful advertisement for *New Age* consumerists alarmed and alive to the rip-offs of the Fortune Five Hundred:

ORGONE ENERGY BLANKETS. A life energy device invented by Wilhelm Reich, M.D. Three-layer construction. Use blanket to absorb healing life energy directly from atmosphere. Instructions included, $99. Also: Reichian Dor Busters $399; Lakhovsky multi-wave oscillators $499; Hermes Project psychic communicators; E.L.F. generators & more! Orgone Energy Workshop, Box 189, 1442 A. Walnut St., Berkeley CA 94709.

[*August, 1980*]

The Progressive

A solemn question is put to the readers of *The Progressive* by an editorial writer with an unerring sense of the bottomless credulity of his moron customers:.

If oppression of the Afghanis provides grounds for boycotting Moscow in 1980, where were those grounds in 1976, when we and other nations were paying tribute to Canada in the very city where the oppression of that country's French-speaking minority is most clearly focused?

[*April, 1980*]

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Why Not The Worst?

Tyrrell's Prose and High Moral Character Judged by Readers Across America

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s writing—in *The American Spectator, Harper's, Commentary,* the *New York Times, Newsweek,* and in *Public Nuisances*—always elicits admiring and courteous responses from the *crème de la crème* of American intellectualoids. Hundreds of letters have poured in throughout the year. Here is a sampling of some of the most thoughtful:

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"**I am appalled...**" Bozeman, Mont. "Where does Mr. Tyrrell get his knowledge? From old movies?" Pontiac, Mich. "...**viciously biased...**" Lincoln, Neb. "...**juvenile stereotyping.**" Akron, Ohio. "...without purpose and **an insult to minimal intelligence.**" Venice, Cal. "I simply could not believe my eyes." Oxford, Penn. "...**ugly...**" Worcester, Mass.

Such thoughtful comments suggest that *The American Spectator* is unlikely to become required reading for the sensitive and idealistic of the Republic.

After all, *The American Spectator* obstinately defends and admires such quaint values as freedom, democracy, and excellence.

The American Spectator is unfashionably skeptical of such trendy piffles as women's liberation, reform politicians, Ralph Nader, hygiene of any kind, and singles bars.

And *The American Spectator's* editor revels in treating venerable world leaders with puckish irreverence. President Carter, for example, "remains adamant in going by the first name of a little boy," and Mao Tse-tung was, in Tyrrell's eyes, "the pudgiest revolutionary of the century...a plump little butterball."

If you are an aspiring intellectualoid, *The American Spectator* is poison. Stick with *Rolling Stone* or *Ontology Today.* But if you hold to *complicated* views of the world that bustles beyond your nose, if you delight in forming your own opinions, and if you want to know what some of the best writers in America are saying to discomfit some of the most preposterous lightweights, read *The American Spectator,* the magazine that appalls.

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